Florida WILDLIFE

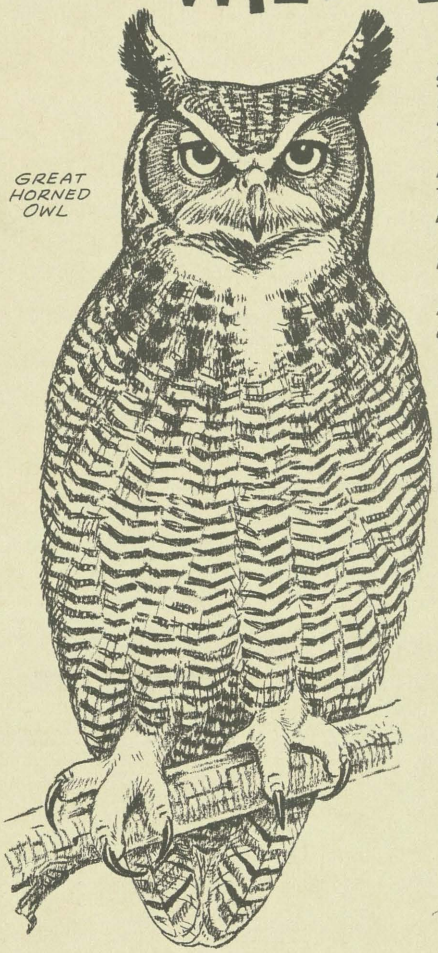
Court of the Pile Dwellers
Neglected Historic Sites

Fishing · Hunting · Conservation · Outdoor Recreation

AUGUST 1965 — The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen — 25 CENTS

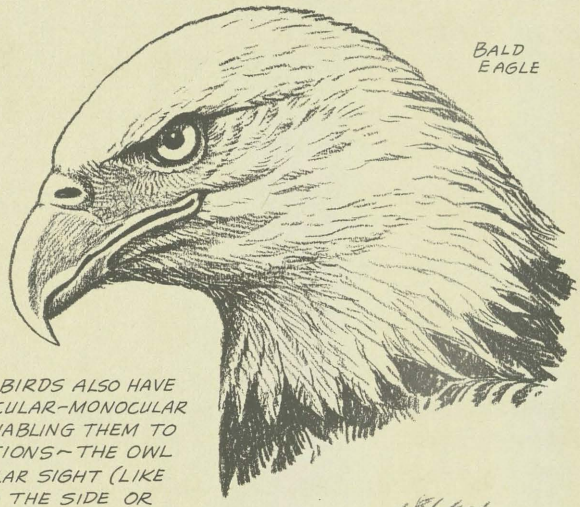
Florida Wildlife Scrapbook

WILD EYES

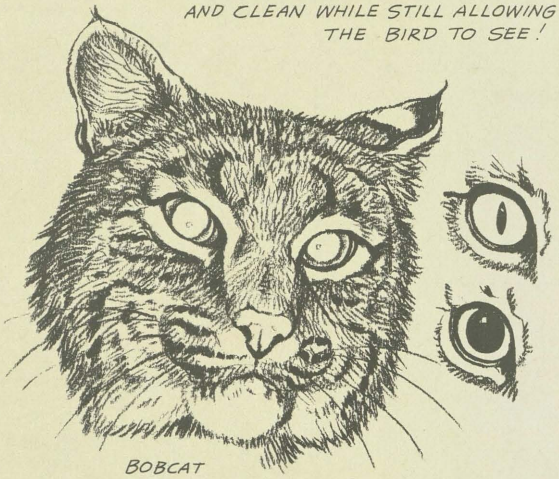


GREAT HORNED OWL

ASK ANY PILOT— SUPERIOR EYESIGHT IS NECESSORY FOR SAFE FLIGHT—BIRDS CAN SEE ABOUT EIGHT TIMES BETTER THAN HUMANS—THEIR EYES FUNCTION LIKE A COMBINATION MAGNIFYING GLASS AND TELESCOPE ALLOWING SUPERIOR CLOSEUP & DISTANT VIEWING — MOST BIRDS ALSO HAVE A COMBINED BINOCULAR-MONOCULAR FIELD OF VISION ENABLING THEM TO SEE IN ALL DIRECTIONS — THE OWL HAS ONLY BINOCULAR SIGHT (LIKE MAN) — TO SEE TO THE SIDE OR BEHIND IT MUST TURN ITS HEAD — A TRANSPARENT "THIRD EYELID," CALLED THE NICTITANS, PROTECTS THE BIRD'S EYES FROM THE HAZARDS OF FLYING AND LANDING & KEEPS THE EYE MOIST AND CLEAN WHILE STILL ALLOWING THE BIRD TO SEE!

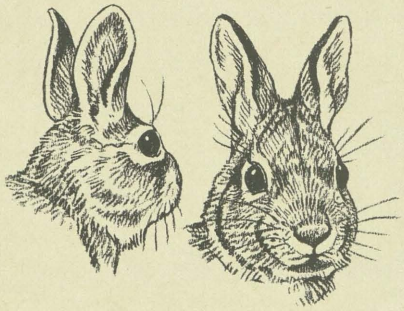


BALD EAGLE



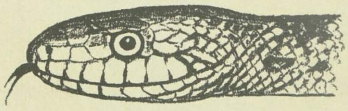
BOBCAT

ANIMALS THAT ARE ACTIVE BOTH DAY & NIGHT, LIKE THE CATS, OFTEN HAVE ELLIPTICAL OR SLIT-SHAPED PUPILS — MERE SLITS IN BRIGHT LIGHT THEY OPEN UP LARGE & ROUND FOR DIM LIGHT VISION — A SPECIAL REFLECTING SURFACE BEHIND THE RETINA (ABSENT IN MAN) ENABLES ANIMALS TO SEE IN THE DARK — THIS REFLECTOR CAUSES ANIMAL'S EYES TO GLOW AT NIGHT WHEN CAUGHT IN A BEAM OF LIGHT

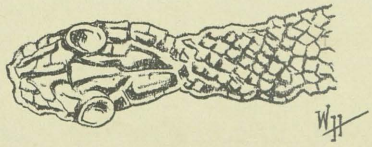


THREATENED BY MANY ENEMIES, THE BULGING EYES OF THE COTTONTAIL CAN SEE IN ALL DIRECTIONS — FRONT, SIDE & BEHIND

WITHOUT EYELIDS, THE EYES OF THE SNAKE ARE PROTECTED BY TRANSPARENT SHIELDS WHICH ARE PART OF THE SKIN — WHEN THE SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN, WHICH MAY BE SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR, IT SHEDS ITS EYE SHIELDS



RAT SNAKE



— FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

VOLUME 19 NO. 3

Florida WILDLIFE

AUGUST 1965

★

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Tallahassee, Florida

★

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of our Game and Fish

★

BILL HANSEN, Editor

WALLACE HUGHES, Art Director **C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation**

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CONSERVATION SCENE

Outdoor Recreation Fund Distribution Started

ALLOCATIONS OF nearly $10 million in recreation grants-in-aid for which States and territories may apply under the Land and Water Conservation Fund Act were announced June 4, by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall.

The grants-in-aid allocations are the first announced under the new Act. To take advantage of the allocations, States or territories must match them in equal amounts. The money can be used for planning, acquiring, and developing outdoor recreation areas and facilities for public use.

The Land and Water Conservation Fund derives its revenues from sale of the new $7 Federal Recreation/Conservation Sticker, other Federal outdoor recreation fees, the Federal motorboat fuels tax, and proceeds from the sale of Federal surplus real property.

"These grants-in-aid mark an important day in the annals of conservation," Secretary Udall declared. "Money which Congress has appropriated for this purpose will help the Nation meet its increasing demands for outdoor recreation opportunities."

Apportionments from the Fund to the States and territories is based on 40 percent of the amount available being divided equally among the States and the rest on population, Federal resources and programs, and other factors.

Under the Land and Water Conservation Fund Act, States may request money for comprehensive outdoor recreation planning needed to qualify for acquisition and development grants. After such plans have been accepted, States must submit proposals for individual projects before grants-in-aid are actually made for the acquisition and development.

Allocations announced by Secretary Udall are from $16,000,000 appropriated by the Congress for the fiscal year which ends June 30, 1965. Of this amount, $10,375,500 is available for State recreation purposes, the remainder for Federal purposes.

Approximately one million dollars of the Land and Water Conservation Fund has been retained by the Department of the Interior as a State contingency reserve.

The allocations will remain available to the States for qualifying projects through June 30, 1967. The President's 1966 budget requests appropriations of $75 million from the Land and Water Conservation Fund for State outdoor recreation projects. Congress has not completed action on that request.

Conservation Booklet

NATURAL RESOURCES and what they mean to people are stressed in "Conservation—Living in Harmony With Land," a new booklet published by the College of Agriculture Extension Service of The Pennsylvania State University, the Wildlife Management Institute reports.

One of a series, this newest booklet emphasizes the interrelatedness of natural resources and stresses the role of an informed citizenry and responsive government to conservation problems and issues. Sportsmen's clubs, garden clubs, youth groups, teachers, public officials, professional workers and others concerned with long-range resource planning and management, soil classification, land use planning, soil, water, forest and wildlife conservation, and related activities may find the booklet useful. It explains to all citizens the importance of conservation programs in controlling civilization's impact on natural resources.

Copies are available without charge from 111 Forestry Building, School of Forest Resources, University Park, Pennsylvania 16802.

Outdoor Films Index

TEACHERS, school administrators, and others interested in using films as aids in conservation education programs should be interested in obtaining a free copy of "Critical Index of Films and Filmstrips in Conservation," re-

(*Continued on page 32*)

THE COVER

The Florida Opossum, with an ancestry dating back 50 million years, is found throughout the state. It is the only marsupial, or "pouch" animal found in North America. See page 18.

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

The Legislature

Illegal Hunting Penalties Increase

THE COST OF illegal taking and possession of deer and wild turkey during closed season or by illegal methods is going up. A bill enacted by the Legislature provides a new penalty for taking or attempting to take deer or wild turkey by use of gun and light or out of season.

According to O. E. Frye, Director, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, the new penalty bill provides that whoever takes or attempts to take deer or wild turkey by the use of gun and light or out of season, shall upon conviction be fined not less than two hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisoned not less than five days nor more than one year. The bill also provides that any vehicle, vessel, animal, gun, light or other hunting device used in such violation shall be seized by the arresting officer, and upon conviction of the violator the property shall be forfeited to the state.

Other bills that apply to hunting and fishing in Florida will allow wildlife officers to issue citations in lieu of cash appearance bonds and provides a penalty for persons who disregard the citation. Another bill provides a stronger penalty for illegal traffic in alligators or alligator skins.

Officers of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission were included in bills which prevent the false personating of officers or resisting officers by offering or doing violence to the person of such officer. ●

Racing pigeons have averaged 93-95 miles per hour over an eighty-mile course.

* * *

The panda has the face of a raccoon, feet like a cat and body similar to that of a bear.

They Must Be Kept Separated

Progress and Sentiment

By ERNEST SWIFT

National Wildlife Federation

A GROUNDSWELL of concern presently is rolling across the land as efforts increase to save unique elements of outdoor creation which can never be duplicated. Perceptive citizens are more than ever realizing that when once these natural museum pieces are destroyed, they will be gone forever.

Some conservation problems are endemic, others become an epidemic; some are cancerous, still others a mere rash. Collectively, they produce waves of indignation, uncertainty and fear; and, much too often, a morass of lethargy.

This has all happened before and will happen again. Honest but disorganized indignation rises and falls like a tide, and because of its instability is often ridiculed and scorned; but on rare occasions it explodes into an abrasive social upheaval. Then the cynics cry foul and become indignant.

More conservation issues are causing national concern, which in the past were brushed off by industry as irritating roadblocks to progress. The issues increase, however, where industry can no longer joust with a few local crackpots; they now may well feel the impact of indignation from far and wide.

New York State citizens are now in the throes of debate which progressively generates its own heat and vehemence. Again two philosophies meet head on—whether to preserve the famous Hudson River Gorge at Storm King Mountain, or turn it over to progress—that sacred deity of civilization. A formal request has been made by a utility to gouge out the side of the mountain and to build a station which will pump water from the river to a reservoir at the top, and in turn run it downhill through turbines for hydroelectric power.

Even though the awe and majesty of the Albany Executive Mansion favors the installation and the Federal Power Commission has officially blessed it—plus four similar plants on the Hudson—the truculent spirit of '76, born and bred in this American Rhineland, is far from dead.

Many ghosts of history in the struggle for continental supremacy have walked these hallowed grounds, from the French and Indian Wars, to the rag-tag armies of Washington, Nathan Hale, and the glitter of Johnny Burgoyne; and the region is still haunted by the delightful fantasies of the early Dutch patroons, the Headless Horseman and Ichabod Crane, as related by Washington Irving. But progress should have no truck with sentiment.

Mr. Leo Rothschild, President of the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, has been diligently spreading his "Minute Men Alarm" far and wide, and substantial echoes of support are coming back from both home and abroad.

Mr. Alexander Saunders, spokesman for the Scenic Hudson group, states that any urgent necessity for the project is a myth, that the utility company has a shocking lack of concern for natural resources, that the project will cause tremendous damage to the fishing industry and all types of outdoor recreation; that

(*Continued on page 33*)

MUZZLE FLASHES

The true gun center permits leisurely gun inspection, without sales pressure

By EDMUND McLAURIN

To a person who loves guns, an obviously fine quality or new model firearm is an instant attraction.

While the collector may be satisfied with mere eye appeal or rareness, the powder burner invariably has to hold an appealing weapon in his hands, examine it minutely and throw it to shoulder several times to get a first hand idea of how it balances and how it feels in the hand.

Ever since I was a boy I have enjoyed looking at guns displayed in the sporting goods stores. When I got in the 9 to 5 routine of the business world (only then it was 8:15 to 5:30!) I habitually headed for the nearest sporting goods store at lunch hour or immediately after work. Nathan Jacobi, proprietor of the largest store in town, let me browse among and handle his stock of different gun models to my heart's content—one reason being that I always carefully and reverently wiped down all handled guns before replacing them in their racks.

If a gun felt right, I usually wanted it, and sooner or later purchased it, sometimes for cash but more often in half or one-third payments, depending on my momentary general living costs. Prices then were fantastically low, compared to today's price tags, but so were salaries. At best, I averaged only about three new guns per year B.M. (before marriage).

I still like to browse wherever guns are offered for sale, but dealer attitude has changed. Today, the average sporting goods store owner, or his clerk, usually isn't very interested in simply talking about guns or some particular model. Some are even blunt about it.

Not long ago I walked into a sporting goods store and, when the clerk approached, made the simple statement that I was interested in his stock of guns. I already had my eye on one particularly attractive firearm among many behind a glassed-in showcase.

"Are you just looking, or buying?" the clerk bluntly asked, before I had a chance to even express my particular interest. "I won't open the display case unless you are ready to buy. We don't like customers to handle our guns unnecessarily."

I wanted to tell him that I never purchased any firearm without first handling it and testing it for balance, good workmanship and "feel" in the hands. I also wanted to tell him that a Silicote gun wiping cloth might be used by a lazy salesman after showing merchandise, rather than jeopardizing a possible sale by discouraging customer handling of wares. Instead, I gave up and left the store.

Sorrowfully, a shooter can no longer walk into the average sporting goods store, pick up an eye-appealing firearm, open its action and shoulder and unattended fall in love with it. Today, most displayed guns are chained or otherwise locked in their racks like galley slaves in ancient merchant ships! In some instances, you cannot even turn them enough in their racks to read caliber or gauge. Those that are not chained have some other discouragement to customer handling that often is the psychological factor in ultimate sale.

In marked contrast was my recent visit to Tom Addison's Gun Center, on the southern outskirts of Kissimmee. From the moment I walked through the front door I was literally in a powder burner's Paradise.

From the outside, the Kissimmee gun shop doesn't promise much; the plain exterior is downright deceiving. But inside the building is one of the largest and most comprehensive stocks of modern guns and accessories to be found anywhere in Florida. Not only are the four walls filled with racks and display cases of sporting rifles, shotguns and handguns and accessories, but there is a two-sided center wall partition that runs the length of the store and is filled solid with guns.

The white-haired St. Peter in charge of this bit of heaven is genial Tom Addison, assisted by his son Tommy.

Best of all, you can browse to your heart's content, without any sales' pressure. Neither Tom nor Tom, Jr. is ever in a hurry to make a sale. Either individual will first talk an hour about shooting (if the customer has the time and inclination) before getting around to a sale. By first encouraging a prospective customer to talk of his shooting inter-

Kissimmee gunsmith Tom Addison, left, explains the superior features of a well-known make bolt-action big game rifle to Dave Currey, St. Petersburg. Each hunting season Addison's Gun Center sponsors a big deer antler contest, above, with merchandise prizes for outstanding kills by Florida hunters.

ests and wishes, the Addisons are better able to make specific and practical recommendations.

Like me, Addison believes in matching gun actions if possible, a secret of successful shooting. For example, if your plinking .22 is a slide-action, then your big game rifle and your shotgun should be slide-actions, too. The same holds true of autoloaders.

However, don't make the mistake of starting a youngster with an autoloader, even though you may personally prefer and use that style of action. The kid does not need firepower; what he needs is deliberation, and realization of the importance of accuracy on each fired shot. Start him with a bolt-action; the training will tend to develop good gun handling qualities and prove excellent for successful handling of a big game bolt-action rifle in later years. This is Addison's recommendation, and mine.

The old adage, "Beware of the one-gun rifleman!" still holds true. It is usually the one weapon type of active hunter who demonstrates ability to handle a particular model to maximum efficiency. This is especially true if the one-gun man happens to be an experienced user of a bolt-action rifle that truly fits him. He knows how to make the all-important first shot, and does so with confidence, because he is familiar with rifle and bullet performance at all average hunting ranges. He does not need sustained firepower to hit and kill.

However, Addison feels that the Florida big game hunter can justifiably own two similar action rifles, if he can afford them—say, a .35 Remington or .308 caliber rifle with Williams Foolproof rear peep sight and Redfield "Sourdough" or Williams Gold Bead front sight for snap-shooting in heavy cover, and another rifle with low-power scope sight for hunting around large fields and open areas common to some sections of the state.

Nationally known big game hunting guides substantiate Addison's contention that the average big game hunter goes into the wilds overgunned. Les Bowman, who guides for Western states' hunting, says that out of every ten hunters using the now popular .300 Magnum caliber, eight are needlessly overgunned for the game they seek, and some of these are both unfamiliar and inwardly fearful of their powerful weapons.

Gun experts have long known that well-made sporting rifles of the 7mm class—which includes the .270 Winchester and .280 Remington calibers—approach the ideal in a big game rifle.

First of all, a rifle of 7mm class is powerful enough to surely kill most big game species shot at within reasonable range. Felt recoil is moderate. Sectional density of bullets of the 7mm class is such that the powerful slugs are ballistically stable and accurate.

An exception is the .284, the black sheep of the 7mm family. The .284 caliber was created to provide a short cartridge that would function in the short breech mechanisms of certain popular, already in production rifle models, like the Winchester 100, Savage 99 and Winchester Model 88. But use of a short length cartridge means corresponding use of a relatively short length bullet. This is not good where a heavy bullet must be used for assured penetration, because as bullet weight is increased bullet length must invariably be increased, too, for bullet stability and killing performance. For this reason, the .284, although of the 7mm class, does not live up to 7mm performance traditions.

The average purchaser of a new hunting rifle wants a scope sight to go with it—that is, at least 75% do. Many make the mistake of trying to get all the scope power to be had for their money, rather than select the power of most practical application.

The lower magnifications, for example, offer the advantages of a broad field of view (important on

(Continued on page 31)

DOGS

Hunting-Trials-Training

Warm weather care of hunting dogs, and pre-hunting season training periods

By JIM FLOYD

IT'S SUMMER TIME and while the living may not always be easy the fish are biting and this may cause some dog owners to forget the hours of pleasure spent afield in the company of "Ole Blue" last hunting season. If there was ever a time of the year when "Ole Blue" needs some consideration and care it's now.

Some hunters and dog owners have a slight tendency to neglect their canine companions during off seasons when there is not an immediate need for their services. Don't let your gun dog go soft and flabby this summer. Keep him in good working condition and he'll have the stamina and the vigor to perform efficiently in the field right from opening day of the hunting season.

To accomplish this, see that he gets some regular exercise of semi-strenuous nature. An early morning run of an hour on weekends will help toughen up soft muscles, harden foot pads and build up wind. A little water work is particularly important for the retriever breeds, but other breeds will love it too, especially in hot weather, if they have been properly introduced to water.

Proper feeding is another important means of keeping your dog in shape. What to feed is no problem with the many commercially prepared dog foods on the market. How much to feed is much more of a problem. Feed enough but not too much. Be guided by appearance rather than appetite. The dog should be streamlined and slightly depressed in the flanks. Feel the backbone. It should be well covered, not boney or too well padded.

If you would keep your dog in condition this summer, you will check him periodically for fleas, lice and ticks. You should also check his ears, eyes, teeth, feet and toenails regularly. Wise owners will also send sample stools to their veterinarian from time to time to ascertain whether or not their dog has worms. Positive tests showing traces of hook, tape or whip worms call for immediate action.

Unfortunately not all dogs are farm dogs, therefore, they do not have a nice shade tree, porch, or back steps under which to escape the brutal forces of a noon day sun.

If your dog spends most of the day in kennel runs or pens, be sure that there is adequate shade present at all times. If trees do not provide enough natural shade, cover a portion of the runs with canvas, plastic, or even burlap bags. One excellent shade material is the dark green plastic screening used by plant nurseries to shade young plants. This material is rather inexpensive and may be used to cover the entire run for a few bucks. I checked one kennel which used this type perforated plastic material and found that it was ten to fifteen degrees cooler in the runs.

Each run should have a platform in a shaded area upon which the dog can rest. A simple but adequate platform can be made by nailing a 30″ x 30″ piece of ½″ plywood to three 2″ x 4″ supports. The size of the platform will depend on the size of your dog, and a platform several feet high will provide some of the needed exercise. Dogs like these platforms, perhaps because it is cooler due to the circulation of air.

Clipping is not recommended for long haired dogs. By now your dog will have shed its winter coat and even though the hair may be long, it is not as thick as it was during the winter months. The hair acts somewhat as insulation, protecting the dog from the sun's sorching rays as well as providing a protective screen against a host of summer insects, such as mosquitoes, sand gnats, dog flies, and others.

Summer time is a time to be double sure that runs and pens are clean. If your runs are concrete, wash them frequently and apply a disinfectant during a weekly scrubbing. Once a month, concrete kennels should be washed with salt water (2 to 3 pounds table salt to one gallon of water per 100 sq. ft.). This salt water wash is a preventive against hookworms.

Keep plenty of fresh, clean water available to your dog at all times. To properly appreciate the need for fresh, clean water you should try taking a drink of water that has remained standing outdoors for several days during a Florida summer.

If you have a problem with droppings disposal, dig a hole a good distance away from the kennels for droppings. Deposit them after each cleaning, then cover with lime. Better still, build a droppings disposal unit, or if you want to go whole hog, you can install a septic tank and drain field. This should

solve future disposal problems with a turn of the water hose.

Many skin problems in dogs are termed "summer eczema." Their causes usually can be determined by laboratory tests. Some are related to the presence of fleas, ticks, and lice, or to a dog's exposure to certain plants. Others are related to chemical disturbances within the dog when normal levels of nutrients cannot be used efficiently. Still, others may be attributed to an excess or deficiency of specific nutrients in the diet.

When skin problems are created by mites, ticks, fleas and lice, treatment is relatively simple. Apply the correct insecticide to the dog's skin, his bedding and kennels.

Contact with some plants and some common garden insecticides and chemicals also can create hair loss and skin damage. Some dogs have an allergy to sunlight, especially after exposure to some plants covered with dew. Care should be taken that dogs are not exposed to these aggravators.

Supplementation of diets may aggravate skin problems because of an excess of vitamins and minerals. Proper nutrition, without a deficiency or over-abundance of any one nutrient appears to help dogs maintain strong resistance against "summer eczema" not caused by fleas, ticks and lice.

An automobile can be a brutal prison for a dog, even under the best conditions, during the summer months. If you must leave your dog in the car, you should manage to park in a shaded area and leave the windows open if your dog is trained to remain in the vehicle. If not trained, all windows should be cracked to allow some circulation. While the car is in motion the dog may appear to enjoy sticking his head out of a window but such practice is a good way to lose an eye, due to a flying object. At the minimum, it's an invitation to an eye infection.

Double honors were accorded D. J. Munroe, of Tallahassee, and his labrador retriever, Duchess of Lakeshore, by the North Florida Amateur Retriever Club. Munroe was named the outstanding member in the retriever club and recognized as the one individual that contributed the most to the success of the club's annual functions. The retriever was recognized as the top derby dog of the year. Competing in seven field trials, the young labrador received three first places, two third places, one fourth place and one Judges Award of Merit.

During this summer be especially careful with old dogs and puppies. They are more susceptible to heat, hysteria and prostration than the young adult dog.

Training need not come to a complete standstill during summer. Five A.M. in Florida in the summer time can be rewarding to both you and your dog. You will find that this time of day can be stimulating and your dog will exhibit the type action that will replace the extra hours of sleep and third cup of coffee.

Night time can be an excellent time to train retrievers. The dogs soon learn to mark the location of a fall by hearing the training dummy hit the ground and while they cannot see the fall, they do have a general idea of the distance and direction and develop a strong use of their nose in locating the fall.

Summertime can also be a good training time for bird dogs if you will take the time to build a quail re-call pen and obtain several bob whites for training purposes. More on this quail re-call pen type summer training in next month's Florida Wildlife.

If your dog should be fortunate enough to find a place to dig a hole, and I don't mean in the wife's flower garden, let him lie in it, "it's cool man, it's cool." ●

Hunting Dog Training Periods

In the new hunting season regulations, established for the 1965-1966 season, deer hunting dog owners will have a special 15-day pre-hunting season training period. Deer hunting dogs may be trained during day-light hours, without guns, from October 15, through November 1, in all regions except the Northwest Region. In the Northwest Region, the training period is from October 22, through November 8. This regulation does not allow the training of dogs on Wildlife Management Areas, or National Forest lands.

The training regulations for other dogs, such as bird dogs and retrievers, remain the same as last year. Regulations concerning the use of hunting dogs during closed seasons appear on page 4 and 8, 1965-1966 Hunting Rules and Regulations, available at County Judge's offices.

FISHING

Found in some areas of Florida now, the striped bass could become a popular gamefish throughout the state

By CHARLES WATERMAN

IT LOOKS AS IF there are going to be more striped bass around Florida in the future so maybe I'd better make some comments.

Generally considered a salt water fish, the striper or rockfish as he's known along much of the U.S. east coast has done very well in the Apalachicola River where they've caught some really big ones. As far back as anyone knows there have been occasional striper catches in the St. Johns River system, sometimes more than 100 miles from the ocean. At times striper fishing has been pretty good at the north end of Lake George (part of the St. Johns) in and around what is known as the Croaker Hole.

School bass fishermen have occasionally gotten involved with stripers much further upstream although it hasn't been consistent enough to publicize and the "runs" if you can go so far as to use the word are impossible to forecast.

The Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission has done a lot of experimenting with stripers although the studies are currently being handled by the federal people.

In some localities the striper has worked out in a landlocked status so I guess he becomes a fresh water fish. The best known landlocked stripers are found in the Santee-Cooper lakes of South Carolina.

Now this is a fine game fish although the methods used sometimes don't give him a chance. Of course the striper is No. 1 target for the hardy souls who fish the northern surf and in that setting he's sporty enough for anyone besides getting big enough to danged nearly drown you if you don't watch out. A 50-pound striper, of course, is a buster.

Unfortunately the big surf sticks or stiff boat rods are too often carried along when fishermen go after stripers that run much smaller.

Years ago I did my first striper fishing in San Francisco Bay and the anglers I accompanied were cut bait and heavy tackle users; most of those California fishermen were. I knew stripers would take artificials but I just didn't get with the right crowd and my experiences weren't too dramatic as our small fish were badly overpowered.

Incidentally, the striped bass is not a native of the Pacific coast but thrived after introduction there in 1879.

Of late, in the very parts of San Francisco Bay where I winched in the poor little fellows a bunch of light tackle users are having a ball and a man named Larry Green keeps writing about it in the magazines, filling me with sadness over the "chance that was wasted" as the song says. I'm long gone from San Francisco these many years.

But I lucked into a striper fishing trip to Toms River, New Jersey last spring and was re-introduced under different circumstances. This time we used nothing but fly rods and I was guided by an energetic character named Pete McLain, who is a conservation official up there. Pete, who has caught more stripers than I've ever heard about, still gives a warwhoop and jumps three or four feet when he sights a fish.

Where we fished the water wasn't quite as clear as found in the Keys but clean enough that you could set the bottom and Pete could spot stripers as he slid along with a 14-foot boat and 18-horse motor, with long steering handle. I never got so I could spot them.

Pete would sight the fish as they darted away from the boat and then we'd stop and fish for them as he explained they wouldn't run very far.

Most of the fish we caught were on popping bugs. The biggest was 10 pounds.

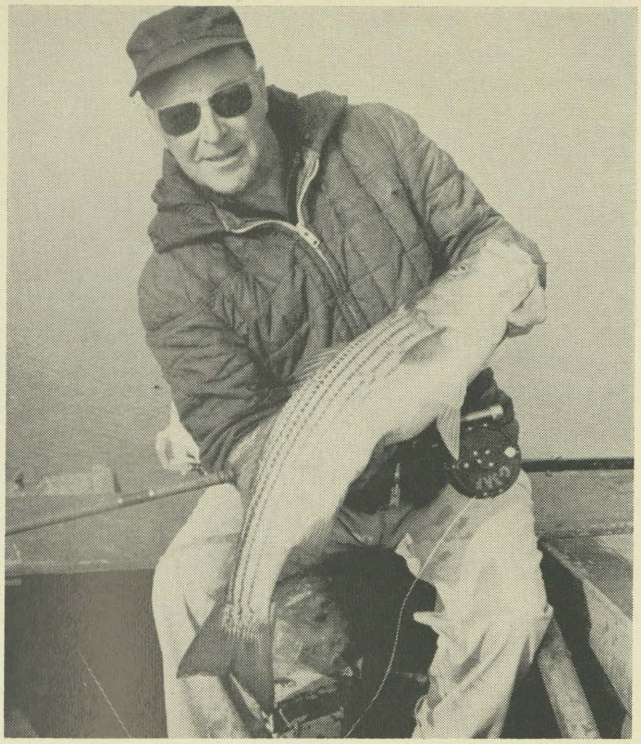
So what about the fighting qualities?

All right. The stripers struck a popping bug with heartfelt blasts. Then (and remember this is only from brief experience) they tended to be slow starting off and I couldn't guess how big a fish I had. Once under way, however, they were strong, hard to turn and slow to tire. The runs were not fast but difficult to stop and hostilities would start over again when the fish saw the boat.

Although they rarely jump, I consider the striper a top game fish.

Probably the greatest appeal is that their activities are hard to predict, especially along the beaches. I hope we some time have millions of them in Florida.

NOTHING UNUSUAL about fish that commute from fresh to salt water and back and some are hard to classify since they're found about as much in one as in the other.



Pete McLain displays a nice striped bass caught on a fly rod.

Then many fish that are definitely salt water species prefer waters of low salinity and live only close to shore and in tidal rivers or bays. On the other hand, fresh water black bass sometimes spend their entire lives in brackish water.

Life cycles of some species include both fresh and salt water and give them the descriptive name "anadromous." A Florida example is the shad, which goes into fresh water for spawning. Salmons and the Pacific steelhead are even better known examples.

But other fish seldom associated with fresh water travel long distances in it.

Snook, tarpon and other salt water species are found all the way across southern Florida, traveling by canal or river to Lake Okeechobee. Even further from salt are some that ascend the St. Johns River from its mouth at Jacksonville. Tarpon are caught in Lake Monroe a hundred miles by river from the ocean. Snook are very rarely caught up there but they are seen that far upstream with some regularity. Some good-sized snook spent one winter within a few yards of the boil at Blue Springs near Orange City just downstream from Sanford on Lake Monroe.

Striped bass are occasionally found all the way up the St. Johns but we know that under proper conditions they can live out their life spans in fresh water so that's not so unusual.

The channel bass, redfish or red drum is another fish that gets a long way up the St. Johns, being reported occasionally near the very headwaters and ladyfish get up there too. Flounder, generally not considered fast travelers, are found more than 100 miles upstream from salt water.

Generally these salty wanderers are not plentiful enough to be the specific objects of fishing trips and they're usually so scarce their progress can't be traced by marine biologists (who would seldom be interested in such a shoestring migration anyway) but it makes you wonder why one fish decides to live in fresh water while another stays where he belongs. Family trouble maybe.

I can't help wondering just how many of these occasionals move back and forth and just how many decide to spend their days in fresh water.

I'VE SEEN SOME pretty wild flotation gear for fishermen but one of the simplest and most effective "boats" I've viewed is one put together by George Cornish of the Driftwood Marina near Avalon, N.J.

Cornish simply built a platform with an outboard motor mount and set it atop a couple of big pieces of styrofoam. He didn't even need to fasten down the deck. The rig is light and buoyant and, although not recommended for offshore marlin fishing, is extremely effective for protected waters.

When I was a kid, I stuck together a pretty frisky one in company with a neighbor boy named Joe Bennett. We saw in a magazine how you could take a bunch of innertubes and put a framework over them, achieving a buoyant raft. We built the thing all right but we didn't have enough tubes (and they were pretty small in 1922) so the thing would slowly sink at one end once you were aboard. We spent more time running from the wet end to the dry end than we did fishing. Back to the drawing board!

I'M NOT TOO excited about fishing contests except as they provide research data about fish. However, it is too bad that an occasional potential record is filleted before he can be entered in some kind of competition.

I have quit chasing down rumors of 25-pound black bass. Generally I find the monster has been teamed up with hushpuppies before I get there and weighed 15 pounds anyway.

But the other day I heard a well-substantiated story about an enormous pickerel (called "pike" in Florida) taken in a northern state by an elderly fisherman concerned principally with food.

When he showed the monster to other anglers they were positive it was a world record and proved it with a pair of scales. But the old gentleman thought they were simply trying to get his fish away from him so he flopped it into the car trunk, closed the lid and drove away. That one won't get on anybody's books.

The International Game Fish Association keeps

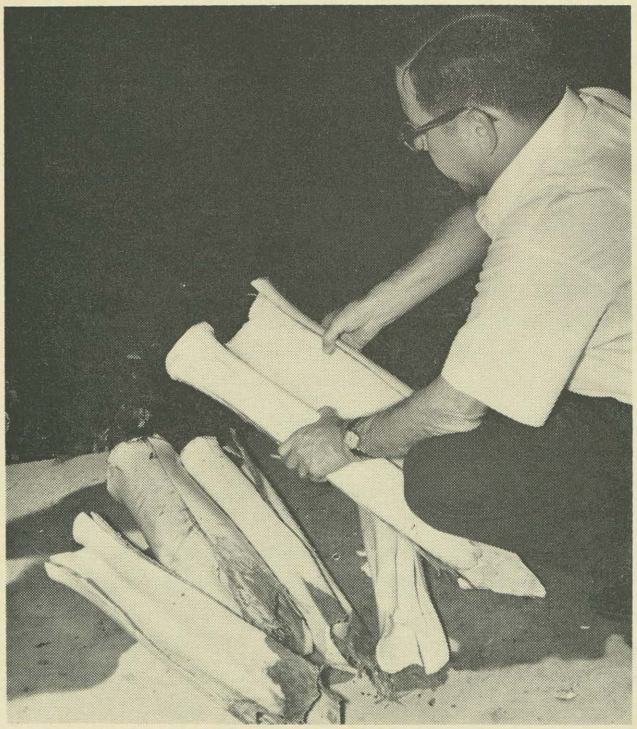
(*Continued on page 30*)

1

2

The familiar Sable Palmetto grows throughout peninsula Florida and along the coast of the panhandle. Although a fairly familiar sight, few are aware of the food qualities contained within. For those tempted to try their hand at swamp cabbage cookery, first consideration should be palmetto selection. Mature trees may still have frond bases clinging to them, upper left, but more often the trunks of older trees are found cleaned by fire and weathering. The larger size are worth more as scenery, and would be difficult for swamp cabbage since it is the bud at the top that is wanted. Young "cabbage" trees are easy to find and easy to cut. We have selected an approximate 10 year old tree here, upper right, and first step is to remove the old fronds and underbrush which will get in way of the ax swing; it is dangerous to swing an ax where it could deflect off vegetation. Begin by cutting a complete circle around the tree about three feet down from the top of the bud. This will seem awkward the first attempt, but becomes easier with experience. As a frond is cut loose at the base, it can be pulled off with the blade of the ax.

SWAMP CABBAGE



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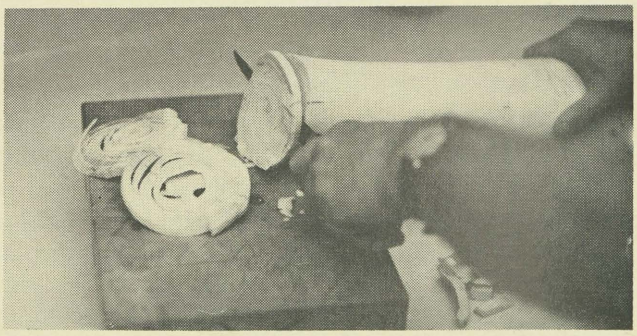

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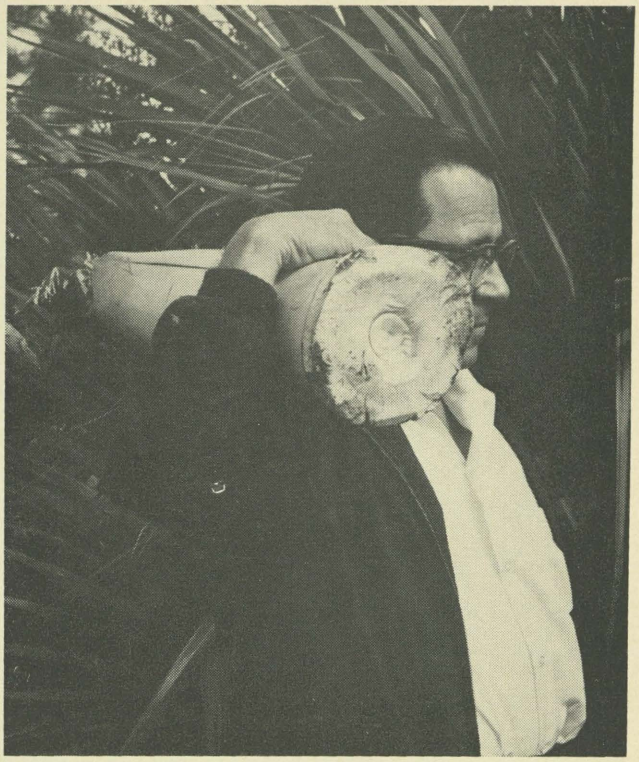
The next step, left, is to remove most of the "boots" down to where the end is very tender. Test by tasting. If the cabbage end is bitter or tough, keep removing boots. The first few edible cuts, above, are large. Cut towards the tip until the cabbage is a little tough; another test by tasting. Remove another boot when it gets tough near the tip. As each boot is removed to get at the tender heart, the remaining bud gets thinner and shorter. You're through with a bud when you run out of tender cabbage. What you have been cutting is the tender, developing palm leaf.

3



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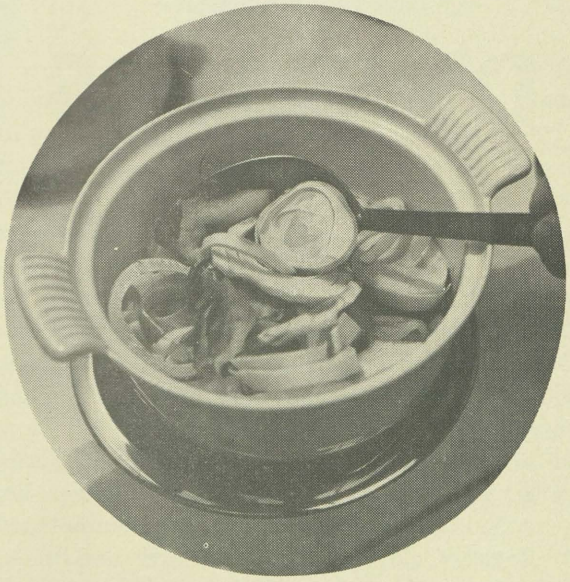
Continue to cut across the bases of the fronds in a complete circle around the tree; each circle will be an inch or two higher, and another ring of fronds will be removed each time. After seven or eight fronds have been removed, the bud begins to feel tender to the ax blade, and will show white and smooth, upper left photo. You are getting close to the edible portion of the bud. As you get deeper it is necessary to slit the thin edge of the "boot" from top to bottom in order to remove the clinging frond. When only five or six fronds remain, push the top out, trim the ends of the fronds off - - - - and head for home.

Photo Story
By LOVETT WILLIAMS



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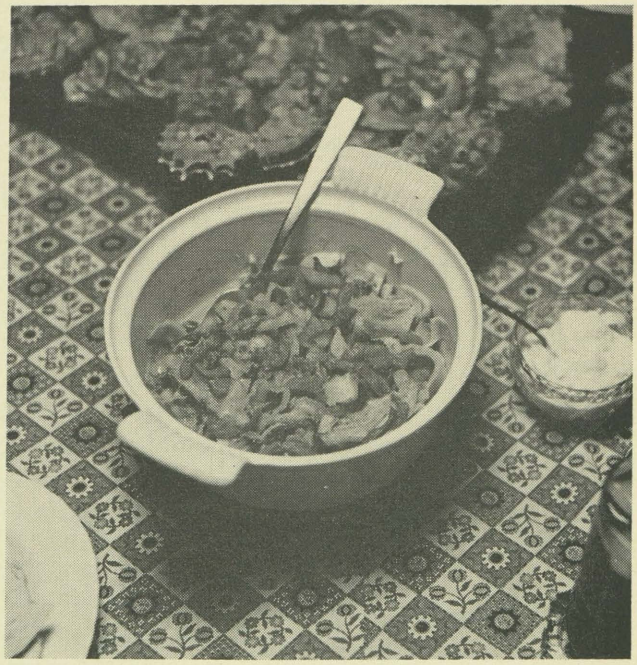
Place the sections of palm heart into a pot and nearly cover with water. Add smoked bacon, or most anything else you may desire to add flavor. Experiment a little. Stirring will make swamp cabbage mushy. . . . so don't!



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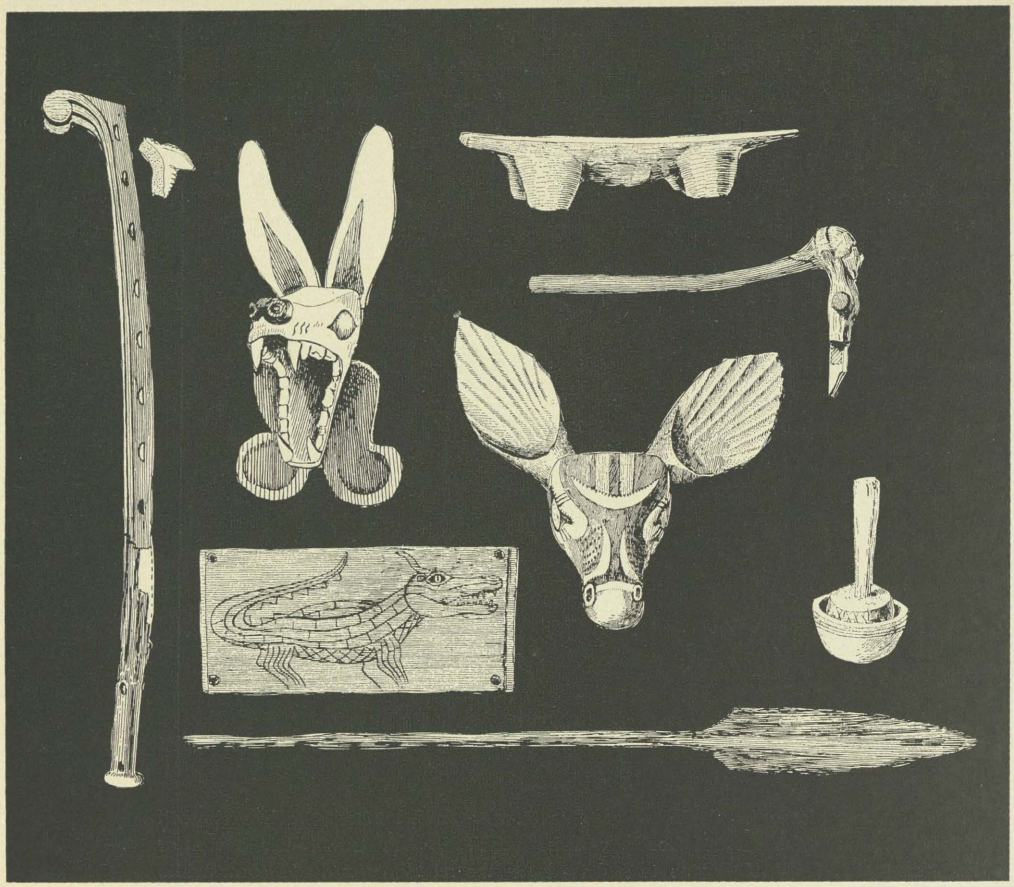
Boil slowly until tender. Test by tasting. Add seasoning, salt, a little onion, and anything else you want to try. The portion shown here was served with steamed oysters, but if you will cut enough, swamp cabbage is a meal by itself. You will learn more about this palm-heart cookery each time you try it, from cutting to cooking, but chances are you will like it from the start.



Some of Frank Cushing's underwater finds at Marco Island: A spear-thrower once inset with sharks' teeth, a mask portraying a wolf or a bat, a four-legged-stool, an adze, a deer mask beautifully carved and painted, a mortar bowl and a pestle to fit, a boat paddle, and a box lid with a carving of some type horned reptile.

Florida's Most Amazing Underwater Find

Court of the PILE—DWELLERS

By WILFRED T. NEILL

UNDERWATER EXPLORATION is a popular sport in Florida. Here the clear waters, both fresh and salt, lure divers with air tank, face mask, and swim-fins. But Florida's most amazing underwater find was not made by any well-equipped diver exploring deep beneath the surface. The "Court of the Pile-Dwellers" was hidden only by the shallow water of a coastal mangrove swamp; and Frank H. Cushing, who found the Court, investigated it mainly by grubbing in the mucky bottom.

Of course every diver has his own idea of what constitutes a really exciting underwater find: an old sunken ship, a challenging network of flooded grottoes, or perhaps the fossilized bones of long-extinct animals. But I give top billing to the Court because Cushing's discovery was unique; nothing like it was ever found before or since. Also, there is no question about the authenticity of the find; for scientists had chance to study all the items from the Court, as well as Cushing's notes and on-the-spot photographs.

As is often the case, an elaborate chain of events led to the discovery. In the spring of 1895, Captain W. B. Collier dug some muck from a mangrove swamp on Marco Island in Collier County, Florida, and brought up some wooden cups and cordage. Charles Wilkins, tarpon-fishing out of Naples, heard of the find. He passed the news to an amateur archaeologist, Colonel C. D. Durnford, and the two visited Collier's locality. They found more cups, an animal head carved from wood, some rope and netting, a wooden tray, and several perforated conch shells. But the muck and water discouraged them from exploration, and so they missed making the big find that lay hidden in the swamp. Durnford took the specimens to the University of Pennsyl-

vania, where they happened to be seen by Frank Cushing, who was an anthropologist with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. Recognizing their importance, Cushing obtained permission to explore the Marco area.

Cruising about Florida's Ten Thousand Islands, Cushing found that many of them were really great heaps of sea-shells, piled up by Indians before the coming of the white man. The swamp on Marco seemed to be an artificial lagoon that had become partially filled with muck; it was walled about with great ridges of shell. Cushing found remnants of broken pilings in the swampy water, and deduced that a tribe of Indians had once built a village upon the spot.

Feeling sure that an important find lay hidden beneath the muck, Cushing returned some weeks later fully prepared to investigate the lagoon. As he said, "After the first day's work I was left no longer in doubt; for relics not only of the kind already described, but of new and even more interesting varieties, began at once to be found, and continued to be found increasingly as we went on day after day . . . Never in all my life was I so fascinated with or interested in anything so much as in the finds thus daily revealed."

Up from the mud and water he brought an astonishing array of tools, weapons, and ornaments, the possessions of prehistoric Calusa Indians. There were mortars and pestles, sets of carving tools, packs of ceremonial objects carefully wrapped in plaited reeds, a carved and painted boat paddle. There were toy canoes, some up to three feet long; wooden stools; mats woven from reed, cattail, and palmetto leaf; cups of wood and shell; wooden spoons, trays, and ladles; and several kinds of baskets. Much of the wood was colorfully painted in black, white, blue-gray, and reddish brown.

But these items were just a beginning. Farther out in the lagoon he found big dugout canoes and a sort of catamaran, a platform mounted on timbers between two dugouts. Also in the deeper part of the lagoon Cushing came up with two anchors, one made of coral and the other of Triton shells bound together so that the ends stuck out like points of a star. And there were boat balers of shell and wood, dip nets and long gill nets with gourd floats and shell sinkers, wooden fishhooks with barbed points of deer bone, and line sinkers of heavy cut shell.

In another part of the lagoon were clam-shell hoes; shell picks, hammers, gouges, scrapers, and shavers; and draw-knives of shell and of sharks' teeth. In this area he also brought up awls made of bone, horn, and fish spines; rasps of sandstone; and a rolled-up shark skin perhaps also used as a rasp. Especially interesting were many little adzes, each with a shell blade set in a deer-horn socket, and the wooden handle carved to portray a snake, a deer, or a rodent.

At that time the prehistoric Indians of Florida had been known only from their relatively imperishable items of stone, pottery, bone, or shell; but at Marco Cushing had chance to bring up the entire inventory of a Calusa village. He began finding weapons: lances of cane with hardwood tips; war clubs, some mere bludgeons but others elaborately carved; bone daggers; and stabbing spears with tips of horn or bone. Among the weapons were spear-throwers, curious devices that enabled the Indian warrior to hurl a lance with great force. One big spear-thrower was set with razor-like sharks' teeth, so that it could also be used as a sword.

And Cushing found a wealth of ornaments: shell beads, pendants, breastplates, buttons, and lip plugs ornamented with tortoise-shell. Of exceptional beauty was a wooden brooch, carved to represent an angelfish and inlaid with spots of tortoise-shell. Big ear ornaments apparently were intended to represent staring eyes, for they had a white outer ring of sea-shell, an inner ring of tortoise-shell, and a central button of dark wood.

There were sets of carved wooden discs which Cushing took to be gaming pieces, fringes and tassels of green and yellow fiber, bark headdresses, bone hairpins decorated with tortoise-shell, dozens of tortoise-shell discs including one with a carving of two porpoises, and big bundles of crab claws.

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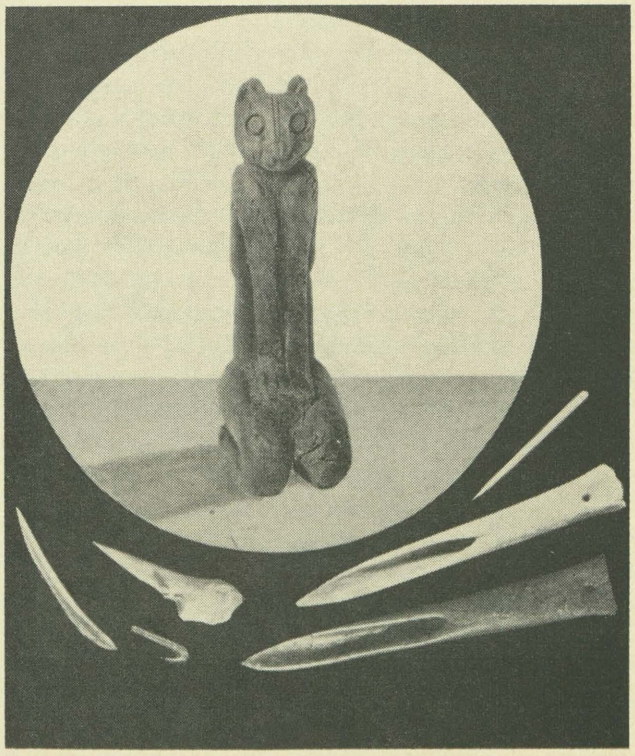
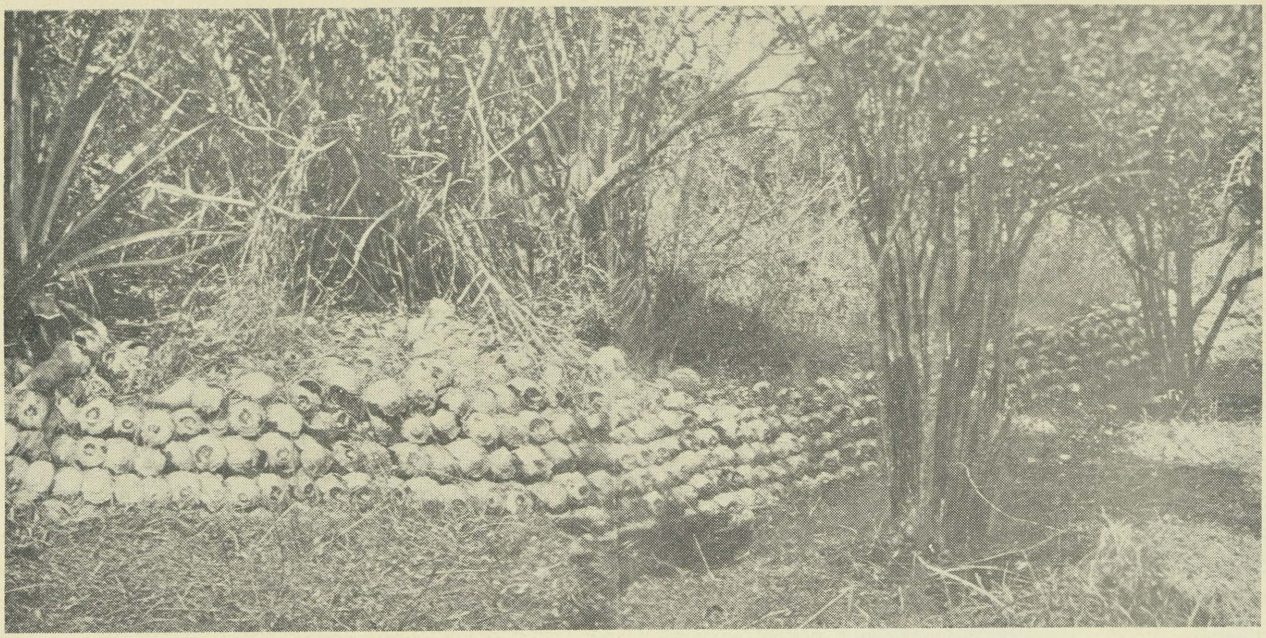


The circular inset shows one of Cushing's most famous finds, a statue of a panther-god. Below are Calusa spear points, awls, needle, and fishook, all made of bone.



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At one point, in the muck and water just beneath the shell wall, Cushing found what must have been a medicine man's kit. It contained pearls, oddly shaped pebbles, sea-shells painted yellow, an opossum skull with the animal's features painted on it, a weasel skull, rattles made of crab claws and of sea-shells, another rattle made from the whole shell of a turtle, a tube, and a bone lancet in a wooden handle. There was also a huge pot, in which the medicine man may have brewed his herbal concoctions; and with the pot were gourd dippers and conch shell cups perhaps used to drink the brew. Probably of religious or mystical significance were numerous wooden tablets, carved and painted to portray birds and animals.

An exciting find was a wooden "jewel box," its top with a painting of a fantastic horned reptile. In the box were ear buttons, discs of wood and shell, a bundle of nine little adzes, and a knife with a carved handle.

It was grueling work in the black muck and water, under a blazing sun; but Cushing persisted and came up with a find that topped all others. This was a collection of wooden masks, fifteen good ones and numerous broken ones. Most of these were carved and painted to represent a grotesque human face. They were large enough to be worn, and were perforated at each margin to permit the attachment of a string. Some of the masks had additional holes into which feathers or other ornaments could be thrust. There were also realistic masks of sea turtle, owl, alligator, pelican, fish-hawk, wolf, wildcat, bear, and deer. Some of these masks had moveable jaws.

Cushing concluded that the Indians' huts had stood on pilings all about a central "court," the lagoon; and so he called his find the Court of the Pile-Dwellers. He thought it likely that a great hurricane had struck, blowing the huts and their contents into the water and covering them with muck. The water, rich in minerals and low in oxygen, had preserved the Calusa relics for centuries.

In the wealth of material there was no scrap of iron or glass or china, no sign of the white man's trade goods; and so Cushing felt sure that the Court dated back to a time before the first Spaniards had reached the Florida west coast. Modern archaeologists in Florida agree with Cushing on this; they believe the Court was occupied by Calusa Indians somewhere between 1400 and 1500 A.D.

Returning from Marco, Cushing gave a spell-binding account of his finds before a meeting of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Here he displayed his photographs and many of his finest specimens. These were deposited in the Smithsonian and in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, as proof of an astonishing discovery.

Just recently, many of the relics from the Court were returned to Florida, where they are being studied by archaeologists and where they are being treated chemically in the hope of preventing further decay. Included in this material were many scraps of bone, the remains of Indian feasts. Fortunately Cushing saved them, for at the Florida State Museum they have been identified, and from them we get an idea of how the Calusa hunted and fished.

There were deer bones in the Court, and this is not surprising, for most of the awls, needles, spear points, and the like were made from leg bones of the white-tailed deer. There were also the bones of bobcat, gray fox, raccoon, and opossum. Some of these animals may have just wandered up to the village, for the Indians were eating vast quantities of shellfish, and the discarded shells no doubt gave out an aroma attractive to the "varmints" of the swamp.

Cushing's photograph of an ancient wall of shells, left, on an island near Marco. Such construction led Cushing to believe that other Indian relics would be nearby.

Some additional finds, at right, from the Court of the Pile-Dwellers: masks portraying a sea turtle, a sea bird, and masks of various gods or devils.

The Court also produced bones of rabbit, and of some kind of whale. Perhaps the Indians did not catch the whale but simply found it washed up on shore. But certainly these Calusa were adept at taking birds; in the muck of the Court were bones of loon, gannet, cormorant, great blue heron, snowy egret, white ibis, red-breasted merganser, long-billed curlew, herring gull, and royal tern. These are all waterfowl, and the list suggests that the Indians were hunting mostly along the coast. However, there were bones of the gopher tortoise, a big, burrowing land turtle which probably was caught on the high dunes in the interior of the island.

There were bones of black vulture and turkey vulture—"buzzards" as they are commonly known in Florida. Probably these scavengers were attracted by village refuse. Other remains from the Court included diamondback terrapin, box turtle, chicken turtle, softshell turtle, and some kind of big sea turtle. Alligators large and small were killed by these Calusa, too.

There were plenty of fish bones in the Court, as might have been expected from all the fishing gear that Cushing brought up. The Indians had caught mako shark, requiem shark, tiger shark, sawfish, spotted eagle-ray, sea catfish, snook, jewfish, jack crevalle, black drum, and barracuda—a remarkable lot of battlers! This catch suggests that the Indians were not afraid to take their dugouts and catamarans out into the deep waters of the Gulf.

The long nets Cushing found probably were gill-nets for mullet, another fish represented in the debris from the Court.

Of course the Indians did not eat everything they brought home. Having little or no flint to tip their weapons and tools, they relied on sharks' teeth, barracuda jaws, fish spines, deer antlers, and splinters of bone. Some brids were probably valued only for feathers, some mammals only for hides.

In the Court were remains of five dogs. Four of these were of a small variety but the fifth was a good bit larger, perhaps a different breed. The dog seems to have been the only domestic animal known to these early Calusa. Probably they had some domesticated plants in little garden plots on higher ground, but of this we have no direct evidence. In the Court Cushing found hoe blades made from seashells, and these are generally thought to be Indian garden tools.

One thing is sure: the people who built the Court found plenty of good food in Florida's swamps and rich coastal waters. Plenty of oysters, scallops, conch, venison, terrapin, and sea turtle steak, to go with their fresh garden vegetables. These Calusa put in a great deal of labor to build their lagoon, a great deal of time to decorate their possessions; and this means that the Indians did not have to spend all their time trying to find something to eat.

Today we know that the Calusa Indians once ruled southwestern Florida, from about the region of Punta Gorda in Charlotte County southward to Cape Sable in Monroe County. In the Ten Thousand Islands are many great shell heaps, ridges, and lagoons, the handiwork of these vanished people. And in this labyrinth of channels and mangrove swamps there must be numerous Calusa villages now buried under muck and water. Florida archaeologists hope some day to find another such village, one that could be investigated by scientific techniques unknown in Cushing's day. In the meanwhile, the Court of the Pile-Dwellers remains Florida's most amazing underwater find. ●

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Photo By Leonard Lee Rue III

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The

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Photo By
Morrie Naggiar

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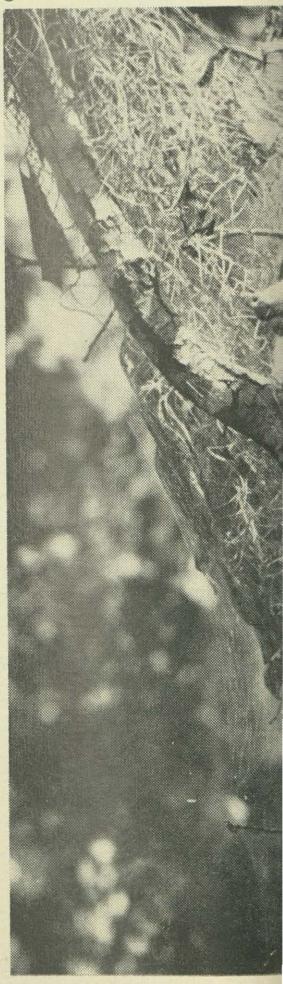
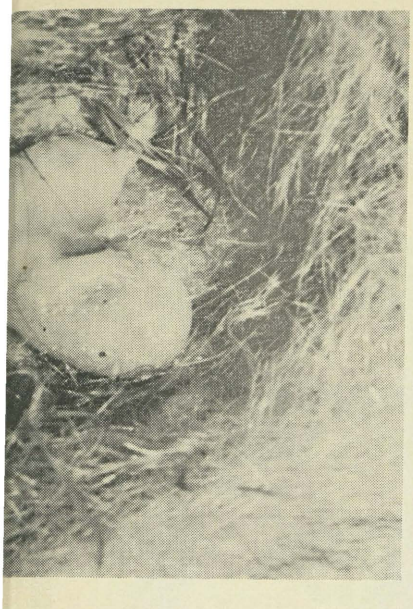
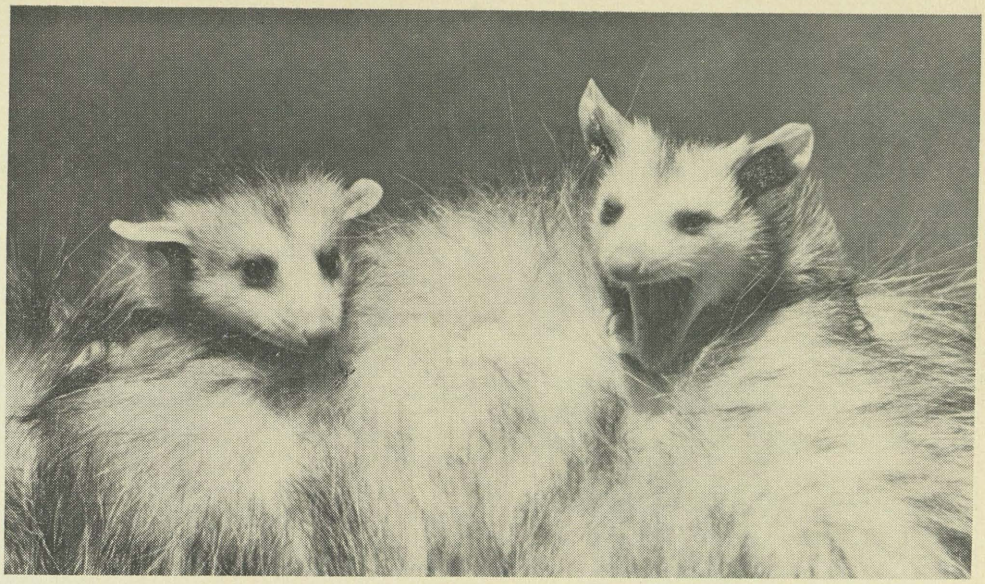






3

Photos By Leonard Lee Rue III

FLORIDA OPOSSUM

By WALLACE HUGHES

Photo By Wallace Hughes

THIS IS THE "critter" referred to in the song, ". . . do the folks keep eatin' 'possum, do the sweet magnolias blossom . . ."

Many folks do eat 'possum, and enjoy it; the flesh is similar to pork. Unless prepared properly it has a tendency to be too rich and greasy for the unexperienced 'possum eater. But, stuffed with sweet potatoes, and roasted or baked, it has been claimed as fine tablefare.

Although not rated very high in the brain department, the Opossum is about tops as a mammal curiosity. Found throughout the state, it differs very little from those that ambled through field and forest 50 million years ago, in company with the dinosaur.

The 'possum is the only marsupial, or "pouched" animal, found in North America. Several species of marsupials, such as the kangaroo, are found in Australia. Bean-size, baby 'possums are born in an extremely undeveloped, almost embryonic condition, except for well-formed claws on the front feet. Immediately after birth, with some aid from the mother, they crawl under their own power into the pouch, attach themselves for feeding as shown in photo 2, and do not let go for about seven weeks. At 10 weeks of age they may leave the pouch and ride around on the mother's back, photo 3.

The often heard expression "playing 'possum," is derived from its feigning death appearance, photo 1. Once thought to be a clever way of getting out of a tough situation it is now believed that this is an involuntary reaction; the 'possum overcome by shock, simply faints!

Another common expression, "grinning like a 'possum," is illustrated in photo 4.

Although it spends a good deal of time on the ground, the Opossum is designed for life in trees, photo 5, as revealed by its prehensile tail, and the grasping thumb and toes of its hind feet. ●

The Spanish infantry at San Luis de Talimali, above, probably wore very little body armor, but were well armed with ordnance. Part of a contemporary map, below, depicting village, mission and fort at San Luis.

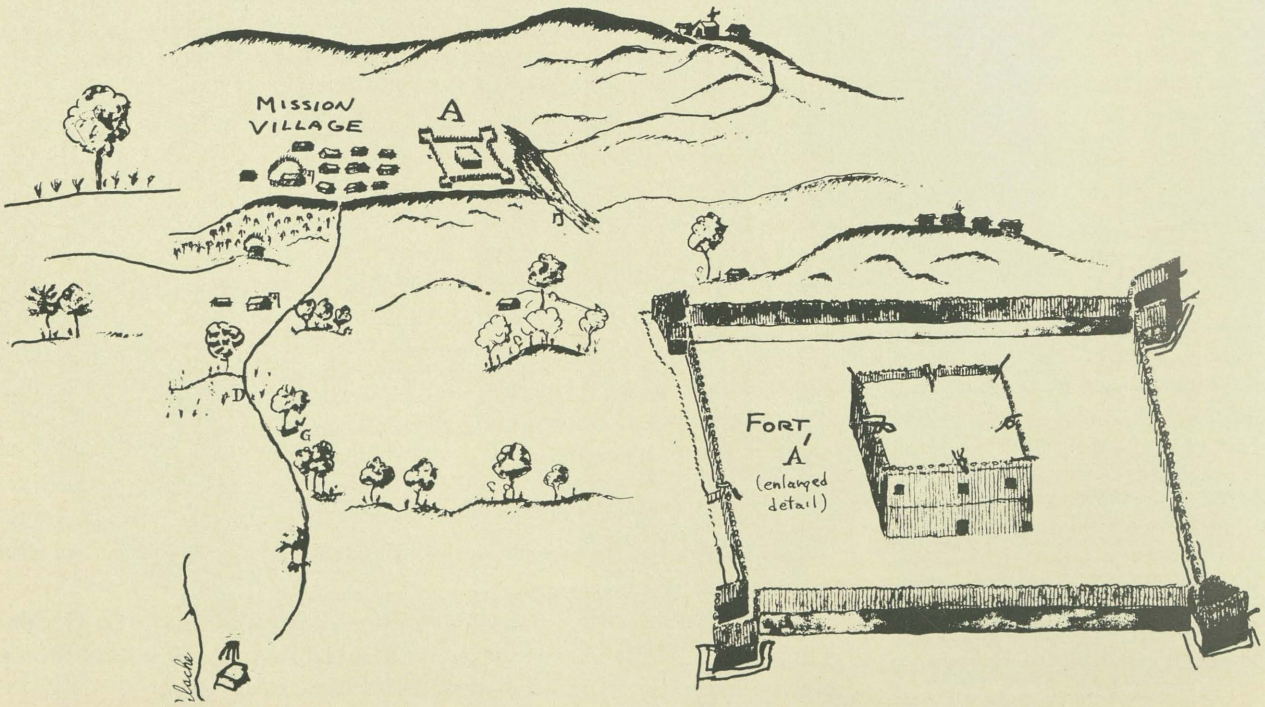
There is still time to prevent further loss of Florida's

NEGLECTED HISTORIC SITES

By STANLEY J. OLSEN
Division of Geology
Florida Board of Conservation

FOR MANY YEARS, untold numbers of fishermen pulled their boat trailers through the heart of old Fort Fanning on the way to the launching site on the Suwannee River. In most instances these sportsmen were not aware that their vehicle wheels were churning up gun locks, military buttons, gun flints and clay pipe bowls from the sand roads of the almost forgotten frontier fort in Levy County.

Fifteen years ago, I spent several days screening



these sand ruts, frequently stopping to allow fishermen to drive past to the river, and recovered many fine examples of the above mentioned artifacts. A housing development now covers the spot and preservation of the site is no longer possible.

Much of the little town of Middleburg, in Clay County, is on the site of Fort Heilman or Gerry's Ferry. This tract was a rest and hospital area for regular and militia troops during Florida's Indian War and was also used by the United States Quartermaster Corps for a supply depot. A dozen years ago there were many open areas, vacant of dwellings, on the banks of Black Creek where the troops camped during the Seminole War of the 1830's. Today the choice spots are built over and it is doubtful if a state park, similar to the fine one at Fort Gadsden on the Apalachicola River, could now be established.

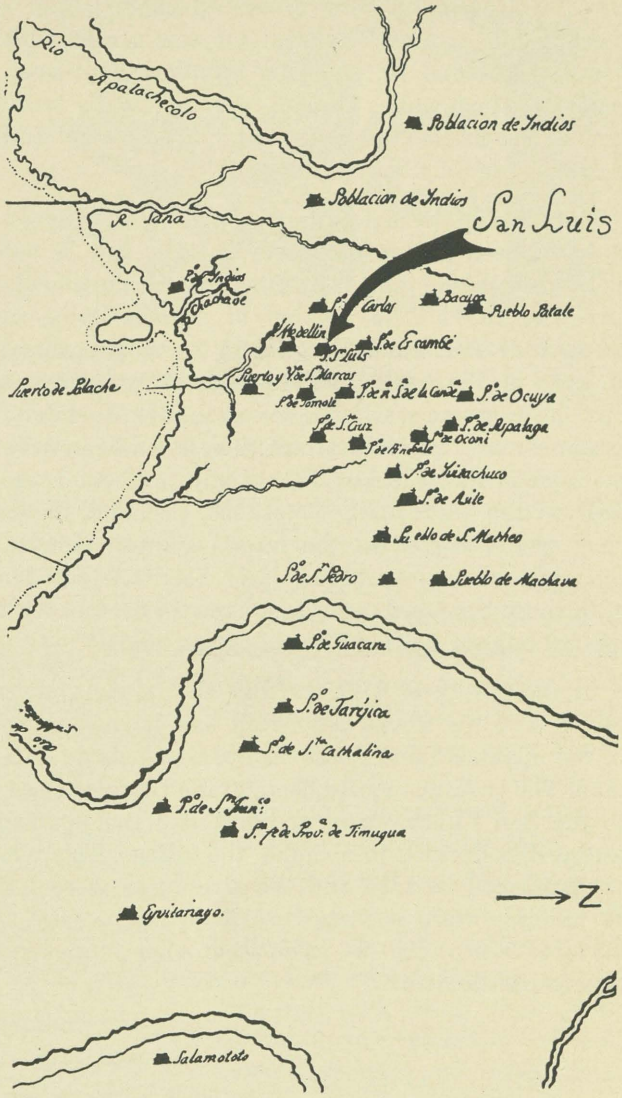
There are many such sites in danger of being lost forever because of Florida's rapidly developing population and industry. However, a description of one Spanish Mission site near the State Capitol will serve as an example of these unnoticed frontier sites of Florida's past.

On the crest of a hill on the western city limits of Tallahassee, in a pleasant open glade of widely spaced trees and cut lawn, is the site of one of the most important Spanish missions and military outposts of the late 1600's. The mission of San Luis de Talimali, as it was called, was the western limit of a chain of missions that began at St. Augustine and spread in a line across north Florida. These fortified mission settlements were constructed about 1630 and were destroyed or abandoned in 1704.

The image of flocks of white pigeons flying from the bell tower of a tall stone cathedral, disturbed by the pealing of huge bronze bells or the image of armor clad soldiers stationed on the bastions of a limestone fortress is not one to be associated with San Luis de Talimali.

The Spanish missions that were established in the interior of Florida during the close of the seventeenth century were little more than one story adobe and wood structures with a small bell hung from a timber scaffold to summon the Spaniards and devout Indians to prayer. The forts were more properly classed as temporary stockades built of palm or pine logs which were easily reduced to humus of the surrounding soil once they were abandoned and neglected.

Few of today's visitors, leaving Tallahassee on U. S. Highway 90 heading west even know of the existence of the site of Fort San Luis, once the key to the Spanish occupation of west Florida. A cast iron plaque nearly hidden by highway signs marks the general location of this important colonial Spanish mission and fort.



Contemporary Spanish map showing the chain of missions stretching across north Florida.

The site of the fort, on privately owned land, has been known for many years and even as late as 1823, several broken cannons were still visible on the surface near the springs that supplied water to the settlers.

The area was most recently investigated by Professor Hale Smith and his archaeology crew from Florida State University in the late 1940's. The brief excavations conducted on the property of Mrs. James Messer, Sr., owner of the site, revealed a broken cannon barrel, a fragment of a rosary and numerous pottery sherds. A section of the moat surrounding the pallisades, was also located. Further excavations would certainly reveal additional historic material to add to our knowledge of the inhabitants of this area during the seventeenth century. It is hoped that this work can be carried out someday.

A contemporary map and sketch by Admiral Landeche in 1705 depicts a four-bastioned fort with

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a center blockhouse. The stockade was armed with thirteen cannons or pedreros strategically placed along the fort walls. Outside the fort walls were located the single storied mud and wood chapel and eleven single room mud huts.

The mission of San Luis de Talimali is believed to have been first established in 1630, but is not mentioned in the official Spanish church documents until the 1650's. The number of Indians living in the area of San Luis Ridge was in the neighborhood of 1,000 at the peak of occupation. A company of Spanish Infantry was stationed at the fort to defend it against any possible attack. These soldiers were not clad in metal armor. Steel body protection was well on the way out by late 1600, probably never very well received in the humid Florida climate. Certainly armor would not have been too popular with those Spaniards who first came in contact with the red bugs or ticks of Florida's grass lands.

In the spring of 1704 the British Colonel James Moore and his troops plundered and burned many of the missions lying to the east of San Luis de Talimali. The ensuing months brought the troubles closer to the San Luis mission and fort and the Spanish authorities decided to abandon the village. This was accomplished in 1704 and the structures were left to fall into ruin, leaving very little in the way of surface indications to mark this once important Spanish settlement.

One of the missions in the chain from St. Augustine to Tallahassee had traces of the mud walls still standing until comparatively recent times. These walls were levelled by the owner to make room for a few more rows of cultivated crops. It seems to be characteristic of civilized man to become nostalgic for past things only when they are beyond his means to bring back.

Sites of primitively constructed Spanish missions and those of Seminole War forts are peculiar to Florida. It is important to remember that the tourist and historian must come to this State to visit and study structures and sites of this kind. This fact alone should be cause for concern for those areas that are in danger of destruction.

On the hopeful side, of those of us who are concerned with Floridas' fast disappearing heritage, is the part recently taken by the Florida Board of Conservation in doing something about these important records of our past. The Outdoor Recreation Committee and the newly appointed State Archaeologist, both under the Board of Conservation, are actively planning and working toward the preservation of historic sites in Florida. Some of these will eventually be developed and restored so that local citizens as well as tourists may enjoy the rich colonial history of Florida.

It is not too late to take action to prevent the loss of many such areas of cultural interest, but time is running out. ●

The Florida Indians as seen by an early explorer in the 1580's.

Engraving by Theodore de Bry, 1591

Turtles Are Crafty

SUMMER IS THE SEASON when Mother Nature puts on a rare show along coastal Florida when the giant Loggerhead turtles struggle from their sanctuary in the sea and come ashore for their annual egg-laying.

Under the cloak of darkness the turtles steal ashore like so many commandos. But pure bulk (some of them are four feet across and weigh up to 500 lbs.) and having to pull themselves through the soft sand leave a trail which even a child can identify.

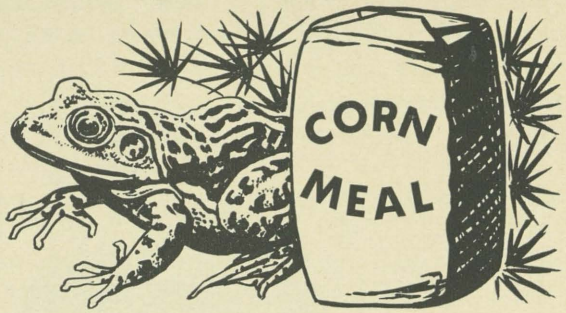
Everglades National Park, at the southern tip of the Florida mainland, is a favorite nesting area for turtles, with the remote beaches of Cape Sable being the choice locale. Here the turtles go about their egg-laying without being annoyed by curious onlookers. During the summer months park rangers maintain special vigilance to insure the turtles safe passage to and from the nesting areas.

Although a few individuals break the law each year by capturing and killing some of the turtles, ironically it is Mother Nature's own birds and animals which pose the greatest threat to the turtle eggs and subsequent young offspring.

People also hunt the eggs. Thus, the mother turtle is careful to conceal the nest by smoothing the sand—often she does such a perfect job that you cannot find the eggs even though you find the mother's tracks leading to and from the nesting area. The eggs are buried in the sand, about three feet below the surface.

Most any warm, summer night you might happen upon a turtle laying her eggs at some lonely spot on a Florida beach. June is the favored month for those who hunt turtle eggs. But you may see this rare event of Mother Nature even as late as August. ●

Frog Leg Charlie



By JOHN FIX

OLDTIMERS WHO lived in the vicinity of Tamiami Trail will remember him, although these will be few. For Whites were scarce in that pre-drainage watery wasteland of the early 30's.

His name was Charlie Osceola, a surname more indicative of relationship with one of the two Seminole tribes in South Florida than kinship to any particular family group. But everyone knew him as "Frog Leg Charlie." And the sobriquet had nothing to do with a physical peculiarity. It derived from the nature of Charlie's large and lucrative business.

Frog Leg Charlies sold succulent Everglades frogs to Miami restaurants to serve as the basic ingredient of the Frog's Legs Dinners which were a staple of every menu in those days. And Charlie's method of procuring them was as unique as the affable aborigine himself.

Charlie, a huge mountain of copper-tinted blubber, wheezed about in an ancient Cadillac as massive for its species as he. From the car Charlie had removed the back seat and in its place installed a galvanized tank that took up the entire rear and extended to the level of the windows which were as devoid of glass as the Cadillac was of paint.

The tank was equipped with a hinged lid that Charlie raised by tugging on a cord suspended from a pulley beside his steering wheel. The tank was kept partly filled with water. The Cadillac had a deep and penetrating horn.

Early each day Charlie would stop at the Wildcat Grocery, a food market and trading post favored by the Seminoles, located at the corner of Miami's Red Road and Tamiami Trail. And he would buy a king-size sack of corn meal which he placed on the seat beside him and opened wide and carefully. Then he began his daily 50-mile trek across the Trail, westward to Ochopee.

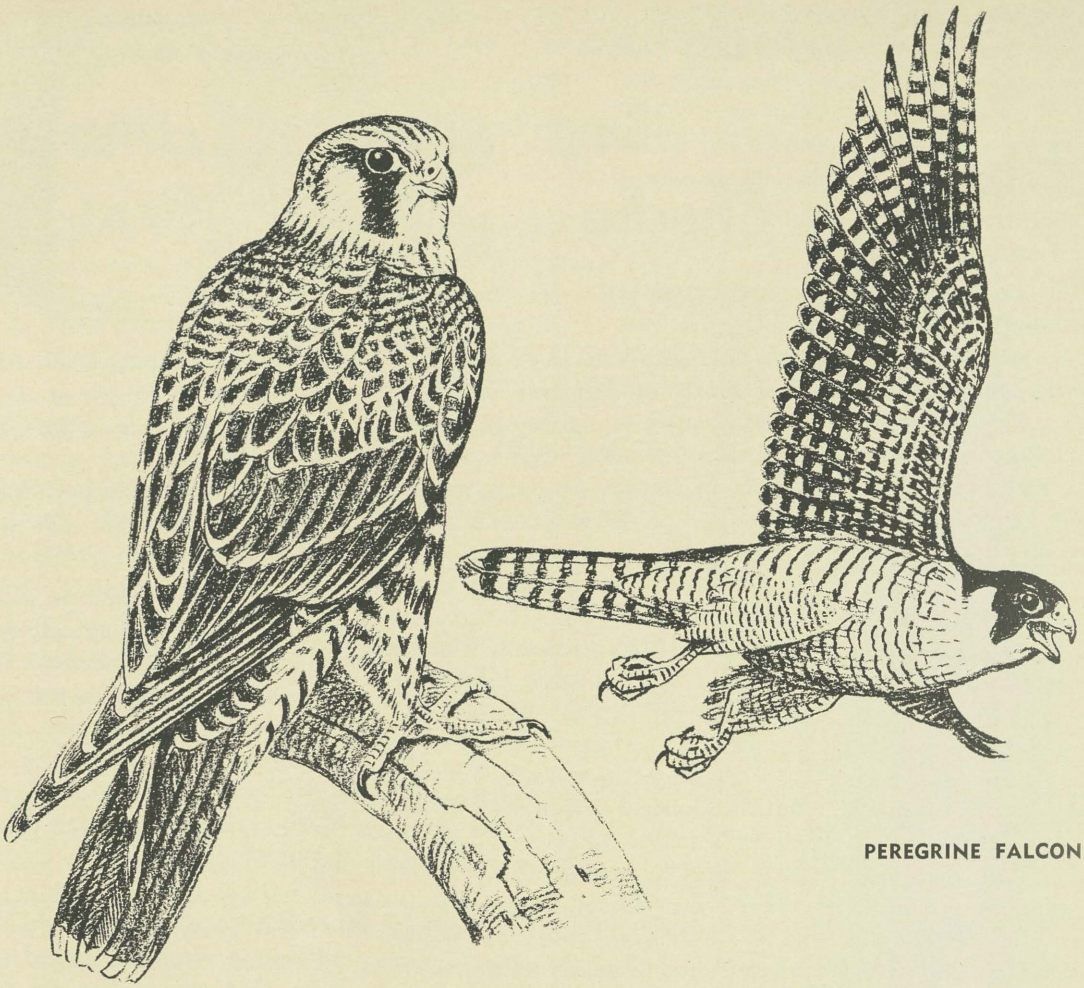
From time to time he sounded his horn. Its clarion call echoed through the fastnesses of the Glades. And soon, emerging from the nearly impenetrable growth and lining the road, were Seminole women, some clutching small children and each dangling a number of wriggling frogs.

Charlie's big, old Cadillac lumbered to a stop beside them and without a word he tugged at the rope that raised the lid to his back-seat tank. Each of the frog bearers in turn glided to the rear window opening and tossed their fidgety charges into the water. Charlie, his moon face inscrutable, made a mental note of each contribution.

The women then filed noiselessly to a position opposite Charlie who had opened the front door. Each extended a voluminous skirt curved upward in cupped position, over the cornmeal sack.

Charlie plunged a huge paw into the open sack and for each frog he had received deposited a handful of golden meal into the extended skirt. Then he chugged off down the road, his horn tootling in the distance.

And the colorfully garbed women he had left, their dark eyes gleaming pleasure at their good bargain and clutching the cornmeal in their skirts, melted into the watery wild of the Florida Everglades. ●



PEREGRINE FALCON

In the wonderful world of wildlife, the ability to survive often depends on speed — and timing

The Quick — or

IF YOU KNOW AN animal's speed and the way it makes it you know one of its most revealing traits. Animals depend upon speed for defense and making a living.

If length of legs was the determining factor for speed a giraffe would be champion. This Slim Jim is a good runner, but he's strictly middle class. He can outrun most of his enemies, including the lion. But many less leggy animals sprint out of sight of him in a few seconds.

It's the take-off for many animals that makes the difference between death and the opportunity to run again. When the enemy, possibly already at top speed, charges upon a still animal, there may be no time for picking up speed. The successful runner literally starts with it. In the animal world, he who hesitates for a split second is truly lost.

A leopard can cover fifteen yards in the first second from a standing start. And it is generally believed that a gorilla can do slightly better. But the leopard's cousin, the cheetah, possibly holds the world's record for the quick take-off. The cheetah reportedly can hit forty-five miles per hour in two seconds from a standing start. It cruises at about seventy miles an hour, if in a hurry. For comparison with a human—the best sprinter may reach sixteen miles per hour in two seconds, and maybe twenty-five somewhere in the hundred yard dash.

The horse is considered especially built for racing. But never judge speed of a runner by its size or build. The little kangaroo rat takes such enormous leaps it can outrun a horse easily.

And style is not a determining factor in fast traveling. Some animals seem to do it the hard, awkward way, and still get there first. The side-stepping crab appears about the clumsiest thing on legs. But don't take the Cuban land crab on for a race. He'll outrun you on foot or horseback.

In his size classification, the striped race-runner, known also as sand sifter and streak-field, is a champion sprinter. This lizard rarely measures more than three inches, if you do not count his tail. Yet it can hit eighteen miles per hour almost by the time you can take sight on it. And its braking power is as amazing as the flash of its take-off. For once it reaches cover it can halt as suddenly as it started, thus making it seem to disappear.

Actually a number of lizards run at bewildering speeds. A few travel at such high velocity they whisk over the surface of water without sinking.

The fastest thing on two legs is an ostrich. Once this bird gets stretched out it can knock off fifty miles per hour fairly easily.

It is not always the sprinter, or even the speedball that wins the race. Staying power may make the difference between life and death. An antelope can hit a mile a minute clip. But more important still for this open country inhabitant, it can do thirty-five miles an hour for thirty miles.

Animals, like men, are their fastest when on wings. Most people are familiar with starlings and robins—considered fast travelers, at about thirty-five miles per hour. But these wingsters are just run-of-the-mill speeders.

There seems no agreement on the speed of bats. But one is known to have flown safely through an electric fan making 800 revolutions per minute.

Birds of prey, because of their means for making a living, must be swifter than most birds. The falcon is the fastest bird of prey. Hawks can overhaul most birds unless they can make it to protective cover quickly. On the chase, hawks range from 170 to 200 miles per hour.

Many people claim that the frigate bird is the world's swiftest creature. It has been clocked by ship chronometer at 261 miles per hour. Sailors call this bird champ doubtless because they see him so frequently whisking through the air at this great speed on routine missions.

But the tiny hummingbird, surprising as it may sound, makes the frigate bird look like a slow poke.

The humming bird is an astonishing example of what love can do for speed. For everyday business travel a humming bird has no need for a frigate bird's or a hawk's air splitting speed. Traveling from flower to flower collecting nectar seems a leisurely occupation compared to that of many birds that must overhaul rapid-flying prey for a meal. But let a humming bird fall in love, and he is a creature possessed. Just why he is geared for such tremendous velocity for courting purposes is one of the mysteries of romance. It takes no superspeed to catch up with a lady humming bird. She sits quietly in the grandstand, on a limb that is, while her wild lover puts on his reckless aerial show. The speed

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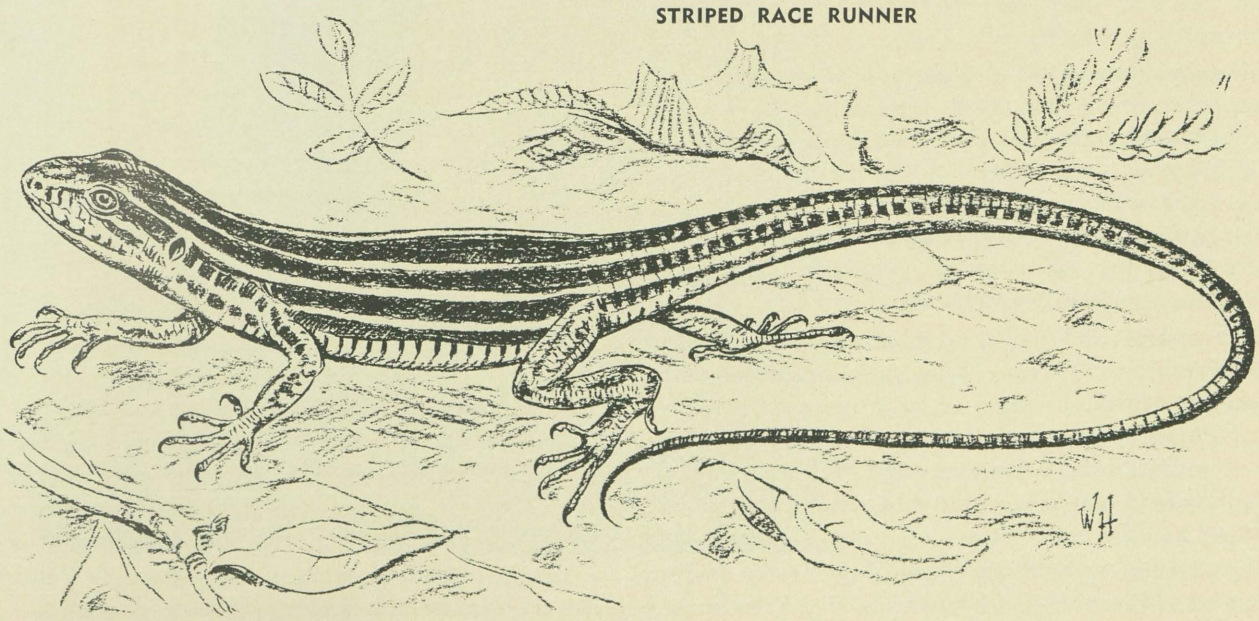
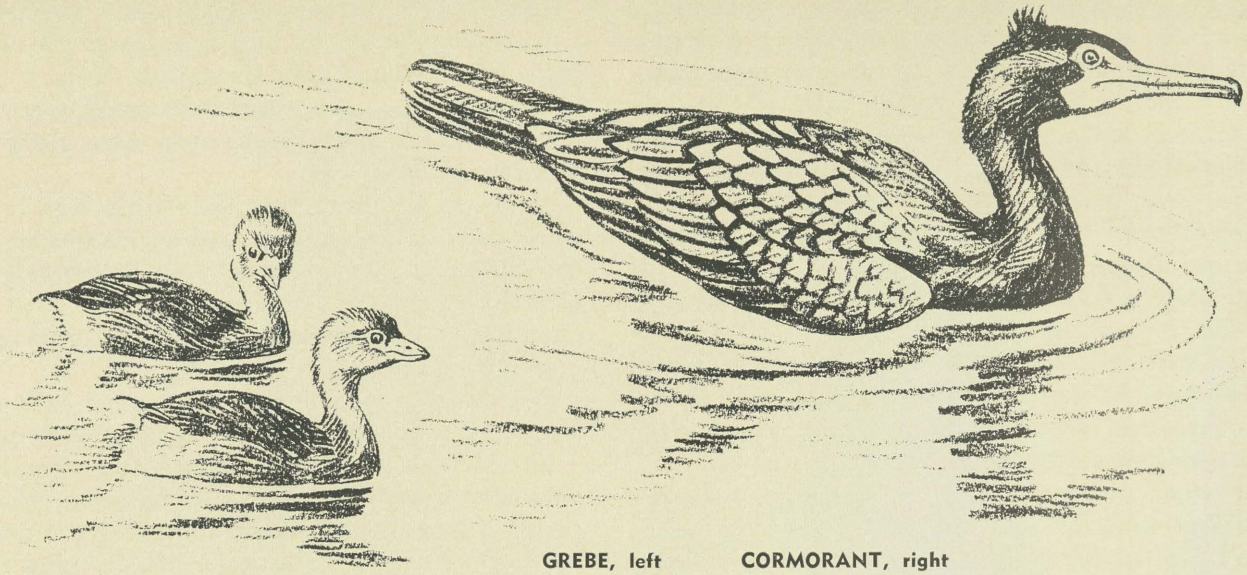
The Dead

By ROSS PHARES

STRIPED RACE RUNNER





GREBE, left **CORMORANT, right**

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appears strictly for show-off purposes to amuse or gain admiration. But once a male humming bird is smitten there is nothing quite like him on wings. When dive-bombing the object of his affection he comes close to breaking the sound barrier. Six hundred miles per hour is a conservative estimate.

We can usually recognize a practical purpose for speeds of animals. Thus, some people wonder why nature has given a humming bird superlative speed just to "act the fool." But so long as we see humming birds season after season, busily building nests and weaving happily among the blossoms of our flower gardens, we must assume that a conservative nature is not squandering anything, and has purpose in all her designs.

As you might guess, speed brings many of the same hazards to animals on wings that it brings to man. Birds at times travel so fast they collide in the air with fatal results.

If animals were as sensitive to their speed accomplishments as mankind, they might be a little embarrassed at the fact that the fastest creature on wings, for day in and day out traveling, is an insect. Most insects that we know plod along at five to ten miles per hour. However, dragon flies show the insects up pretty well—whizzing along at rates approaching ninety miles an hour.

For spurts and aerial acrobatics, the hover-fly brings honor to his tribe. What speed a hover-fly can make on a straight flight is controversial. But one was filmed and observed to make a somersault in one-hundredth of a second, and do other aerial maneuvers in one-thousandth of a second.

If we exclude the brief inspired didoes of the love-struck humming bird, the deer botfly is the fastest thing on natural wings for sustained flight. Estimates of the fly's speed run upward of four hundred miles per hour.

Swiftness of locomotion is not the only life-saving speed employed by animals. The art of lightning-like ducking has prolonged the life of many a live target. Many a hunter has cursed his markmanship when the fault was not with him. His target was dodging his bullets. Just how many species are sufficiently fast to dodge bullets we are not sure.

A seal may look awkward on land, but numerous hunters have testified that they are nimble enough to dodge bullets. Frank W. Lane, in *Animal Wonder World,* quotes an old-time observer of seals: "So quick are their movements in the water that I find it impossible to strike a seal with ball if he is watching me . . . " Lane quotes an authority on otters: "When looking at a person, they will dodge a bullet as quickly as a seal can."

Some hunters declare that you can't hit a crocodile with a rifle ball if he is looking at you. Many species of water birds have the reputation of being faster than shots. A cormorant resting on the water reportedly can crash-dive and be under surface before a ball fired thirty or forty yards away can reach where he was. Hunters have reported the grebe and loon equally as agile.

How fast does a creature have to be to dodge bullets? A charge of shot from a modern gun travels about forty yards in one-seventh of a second. A rifle bullet travels that distance in about one-twentieth of a second. These observations lead to another point concerning speed: The time lapse between decision and action is apparently much less among some species of animals than with people.

In the animal kingdom a split second is frequently all that divides the quick and the dead. ●

BOATING

For a river cruising vacation, try the Suwannee, with its fine fishing, crystal-clear springs for swimming, and excellent campsites

By ELGIN WHITE

As reported in last month's issue, we are offering a summation on just what has happened over around the good ol' Suwannee River since the high waters have been raising so much havoc.

My ol' buddy, E. T. Bales, sports editor of the Chattanooga News-Free Press, finally got his boat and trailer in a row and came down this way to make a Suwannee River jaunt he had been planning for more than two years.

We had originally planned this cruise as far back as last December, but in constant checks with Guy Hamilton and Otto Wettstein of the Suwannee River Authority, we kept getting the "uh uh" treatment. "Water too high, can't get the pictures you want."

I even went over there in February to check water conditions on the river, and if the Suwannee had been much higher, it looked as if somebody had better start building an ark.

Well, the waters began receding just prior to the Legislative Boat-A-Cade in April, and by the end of May we were in business and could make our cruise.

Funny thing about the Suwannee River . . . it is one of the most beautiful cruising streams anywhere in the world, and many, many words have been written about her attributes. But she can be a treacherous lady if the water situation isn't just right.

Well, Bales and his staff photographer Delmont Wilson and some other fine folks from New Port Richey and one of Jim Steiner's Crosby boats from Marianna all joined us at the Colonial Hotel in White Springs, from whence began our journey southward.

We had planned to put in at Suwannee Springs, just a "hoot 'n holler" down the stream from White Springs, but Hamilton said we had to change those plans as the high waters had washed away the launching ramp at Suwannee Springs. So we moved on down to the good ramp at Ellaville at the Suwannee River State Park and put the boats in there. A point of information . . . that ramp isn't in the best of condition either, 'cause a lot of mud had to be moved away before we could get the boats in. However, the Good Lord willin' and if the creek don't rise (as the old saying goes), by the time you read this that ramp should be in a fine state of repair. So should the ramp at Suwannee Springs.

Our trip down river was uneventful as far as problems were concerned, though we did witness a few stray logs floating with the fast-moving tide. Watch out for these bits of flotsam 'cause they'll eat you up in shear pins, not to mention hull damage if you ram one of them.

The springs along the way were not as clear as we had hoped they would be, though again by this writing they should have cleared if we don't experience too much rain this summer.

The only clear springs we ran into were Fannin, Manatee, and

(*Continued on next page*)

A Suwannee River cruise should include a side journey up the Santa Fe to the Itchtuknee River with its crystal clear waters.

(*Continued from preceding page*)
Hart, but Hart was as high as a cat's back.

The Suwannee was about 4-feet above normal when we made our run, and that's just about right. You can pass over the shoals between Ellaville and Branford without fear of running aground, and from Branford south to Suwannee there is nothing but clear sailing.

One trouble we had which you might encounter if you plan this trip . . . and every boatman in Florida should . . . is a lack of good spots to purchase gasoline. Not that you can't get gas . . . you can, but you have to plan your distribution. We gassed up in Live Oak before putting in at Ellaville ramp, and we carried four six gallon tanks. This got us into Branford with ease, even with all the extra running around we did, shooting pictures.

But be sure you have plenty of gas from Branford to get you to Old Town (or Fannin Springs), particularly if you plan a run up the Santa Fe River, and believe me you should. This is a beautiful river that leads up to crystal clear headwaters of the Itchtucknee River. This side journey is one of the main attractions of a trip on the Suwannee. Usually you can buy gasoline at one of the fish camps about a mile or so up the Santa Fe, but on the day we were there, they didn't have any gas, and you might encounter the same problem. But I would suspect that 99 times out of 100 you can get gas there. But be prepared in case there is none there, for it is a long haul to Fannin, especially after you've toured up the Santa Fe.

Refueling problems are not as acute from Fannin Springs, where we stayed overnight, to the town of Suwannee at the Gulf. There are several stops along that route and you won't have any gasoline difficulties. All these problems actually arose in the past two-three years, according to Woodrow Dees, one of the wheel-horses in the Suwannee River Authority who made the jaunt with us. There used to be plenty of places to gas-up along the entire route, but in the past two years, when the waters got high and people quit making runs down the river, a lot of the folks who had refueling depots closed down for lack of customers. Too, many boat clubs from throughout the South came on cruises on the Suwannee, and they stopped coming when the water conditions got high. So you see the high waters compounded the situation, but with ol' Dame Suwannee returning to her normal gait, we ought to start seeing a lot more traffic.

I really am glad to see the Suwannee getting back to normal, too. Honestly, I have made cruises all over Florida and in other parts of the south, and nothing can compare with the Suwannee for a week-end holiday. Not only are there crystal clear springs for swimming, but excellent picnic areas and campsites abound along the entire route, and there isn't a better river anywhere in the world on which to take a cruising vacation.

By the way, we have a lot of inquiries from many sources on the feasibility of night boating. Is it dangerous? How can one prepare for it, etc.

Let me say this . . . I have been on rivers and lakes many times at night and have found the experience exhilarating, though you are always somewhat nervous as to whether or not you're gonna run into some cowboy out on a fling or some poorly lighted craft or a boat or object that isn't lighted at all.

Night boating is a grand way to relax, cool off and extend one's hours of boating pleasure all at once. Give it a try . . . but to make it more enjoyable, here are some useful pointers:

Lights on buoys are either red, green or white. Red lights are, of course, placed on top of red buoys. However, black buoys are surmounted by green lights. As in the daytime, keep red buoys to your right when entering port or heading upstream. We had an old saying when I was in the Coast Guard during World War II you might remember on this: "Red, right returning." In other words, when we were heading upstream, or back into port, the red light or buoy was always kept to starboard.

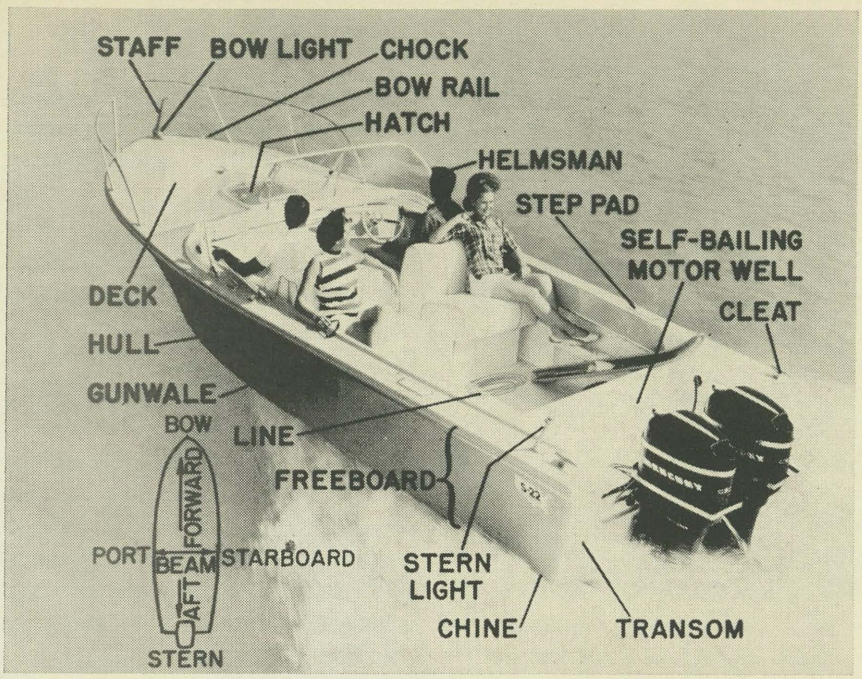
White lights have no directional significance, according to Bob Brewster of Mercury Motors, but merely serve to locate isolated buoys on the water. They can be seen further, hence are ideal for this purpose.

On waterways marked by numerous buoys, lighted ones flash in different sequences to facilitate identification. There are charts that give the characteristics of each one. A flashing light is dark most of the time and comes on intermittently. An "occulting" light is one which burns steadily and "flashes off" at intervals.

Rapidly flashing lights—not often encountered—mean that more more than usual caution is needed when operating near them.

Sometimes your charts will show "range lights," which are usually located on shore or on fixed piers, dolphins, etc. When two of them are kept lined up like rifle sights, the operator of a boat knows he is running safely in the deep portion of a narrow channel.

Research has shown that red light has the least adverse effect on the ability of human eyes to see well at night. For best night vision lamps used to illuminate cockpits and instruments should be of this color. Always mount



There are many land-lubbers getting on board for an outing who don't know left from right, or the "front porch" of a boat from the back porch. This diagram will make you as nautical as Popeye in minutes.

them low inside the boat so they can't be mistaken for navigation lights.

Green, orange and white lights adversely affect night vision, so locate navigation lights as far out of the line of vision as possible subject to the rules for their location.

When trying to make out a distant object at night it is best not to look at it directly. As part of the eye's retina away from center is more sensitive to weak light, look a little to one side of the object.

In these hot summer months, many more boatmen are taking to the waters at night, and as mentioned previously, night boating is ideal if these few simple safety rules are followed.

New dry storage ramps are springing up like mushrooms all over Florida, and with push-button operations now more normal than a rarity, they are proving to be a boon to boating. There is one in Sarasota, the Outboarder, that was a pioneer in this field. Originally starting with about three "hangars" where boats were nestled on racks like the wash hung out to dry, the Outboarder now has seven hangars and every stall is filled.

All a boatman has to do to prepare for a day's, week's or even a trip for an hour or so is to call, list his stall number, advise when he will arrive, and when he shows up his craft is in the water, gassed-up, cleaned, and all shipshape . . . ready to ride.

There is no bothering with trailering, launching, handling, or what have you. When your trip is over, you bring her back to the dock where she is taken into a wet stall, a fork-lift truck lifts your craft out of the water, and it is moved to its rightful stall in the hangar. This push-button boating is really catching on and there are several more such marinas now being built in various sections of Florida, with the majority of them scheduled for construction around the Tampa-St. Petersburg-Clearwater-Sarasota area.

Cost for storing your boat in these hangars is quite nominal, considering the over-all expense most boatmen go to in pursuing the sport. I recall the Outboarder started about four or five years ago and at that time you could rent a stall for $10 per month. Probably more now, but even so, considering the services rendered at these places, it is money well spent.

THE OUTBOARD Boating Club of America serves boatmen throughout this land in many ways, and has compiled a list of navigation, aids on water that every reader should have.

With our boating season in Florida a year-round affair, it would behoove each and every one of us to consider some of the OBC publications now being offered which will help us all bone up on boat handling, maintenance and laws and keep our sport safe and enjoyable.

Publications now being offered include:

Outboard Handling—a 32-page guide to small boat operation, including rules of the road, launching, trailering, safety precautions, maintenance and other helpful tips. This booklet is free.

Favorite Cruising Waters—details some of the best boating spots in many parts of the nation . . . especially fine if you're planning a boating vacation. This booklet is free, too.

Boating Insights—A guide to keeping your equipment in top mechanical condition. Free.

Boating Law Handbooks—Four manuals covering the Northeastern, North Central, Western and Southern states. The books give a synopsis of the boating laws in each state, easy-to-read charts showing equipment required and a digest of federal regulations. One dollar each.

Launching Ramps and Piers—A guide to construction and maintenance of launching and docking facilities. Free.

How To Organize More Fun Afloat—A step-by-step guide to forming a boat club. Free.

All these publications may be obtained by writing to: Outboard Boating Club of America, 333 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois. ●

FISHING

(*Continued from page 11*)

records of big hook and line catches and is the official source of salt water fish records. It has long been a beef of mine that they will not recognize an entry caught on a lure or bait with multiple barbs.

This means that treble-hooked plug can't catch a record fish for you, regardless of how light a line you use.

Just recently, Bernal Piza of Costa Rica is reported to have landed a 69-pound snook but it won't get into the book because he used a treble-hooked plug.

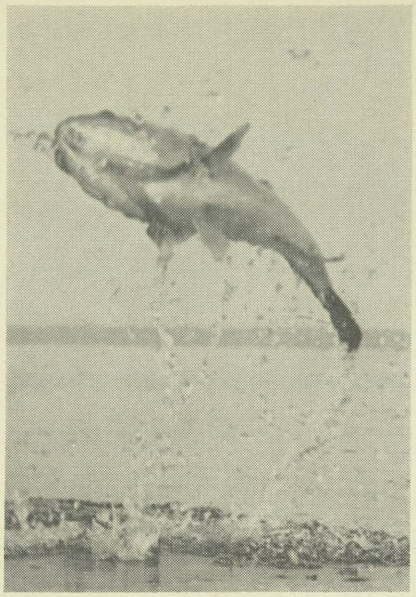
WHAT TO DO WHEN a hooked fish jumps is worth a bit of discussion. I'm just pig-headed enough to think I have the answers all worked out and when I heard a bunch of experts arguing about the matter the other day I was surprised that not everyone is smart like me.

It always looked like this from my end of the rod:

When the fish is heavy and goes high you have to "bow to him" or give him a little line. That's standard procedure in big tarpon fishing. The idea is that if you keep a tight line and he falls away from you he will break something. Bowing to him or at least lowering the rod tip gives him a little leeway.

But giving slack to a jumping bass who is wearing a large plug can lose your fish for you. The violet head-shaking of a bass can loosen hooks he'd never escape under water, providing the plug swings free and rattles. It's the same principle as that of shaking loose a lure hung in a tree. If you can make it "dance" it'll generally fly loose. If you simply tug with a tight line, it'll dig deeper.

The tarpon is even more likely to throw the plug but you have to take that chance if he's big because a hundred pounds of fish



Experts disagree as to just what should be done as a fish jumps, but it depends on the tackle used.

falling on your already taut line is rough on tackle.

If the bass is a real monster his jump might be dangerous to your line but the chances are against it. A heavy bass doesn't jump very far or very high and I think you can take a chance with 6-pound line or better.

The procedure is much less critical if the fish is on a fly as he doesn't have that lure weight to throw around.

Most multi-hooked plugs are likely to get him in more than one place if you keep a tight line. If he comes out shaking there will probably be enough play for him to get into another hook, even with a fairly snug tension.

The lure I've seen thrown most often is the single-hooked spoon such as the Johnson Silver Minnow (usually fished with porkrind). It's heavy and there's only one barb. The large single hook is less likely to be in deep at the beginning of a scrap. Nevertheless, it's an excellent lure and I use it a lot. You should keep the hook sharp.

Spoons with single treble hooks lose a lot of fish too as the treble is hung loosely and they can really rattle things on a loose line.

A lot of things can happen during a jump. Some large species of fish can fall on the line if there's too much slack and make a heck of a tangle.

Some authorities say it's bad sportsmanship to keep a gamefish from jumping. I wouldn't go that far although I like to see them hop as well as anyone. If you really want a bass, for example, there are means of keeping him in the water or, at least cramping his jumping style. The best method of doing this is to push your rod tip under water and increase pressure just as he comes up. The closer he is to the rod, the more effective this maneuver is. A high tip encourages jumping and once the fish is fairly close in you can easily tell when he's planning a jump.

Another stunt that takes a little timing is to let him jump but lift up just as he leaves the water, extending the jump but hampering the head-shaking.

If the fish has a plug inside his mouth he may be re-hooked, even if the plug comes loose from it's original mooring.

Stu Apte, the Keys tarpon specialist, tells me his clients often land a fish with a fly in a completely different spot from the original hooking. Apte, who has exceptional eyes, says he sees the fly in the fish's mouth on the jumps and notes that it's position has changed during the brawl.

BY THE TIME a rod builder gets around to the reel seat he's often in the mood for a little economizing. There's disagreement about the best type for use with spinning rods. Several types of plug casting rod handles have efficient reel seats but I've never had much success with fly rod reel holders.

Frankly I don't have advice to offer in the construction of fly rod reel seats. Used with fairly

heavy reels, most of them work loose.

The reason, of course, is that there is no standardization in the part of the reel that fastens to the rod. A ring or clamp that holds one shape perfectly will work loose almost immediately with another. My solution is judiciously applied rubber tape, an eyesore but a pretty good guarantee. I've dropped and damaged several good fly reels.

I have a complaint about fly rod builders who use so short a reel seat that you can't even use a heavy, salt water reel without metal surgery.

A GOOD BASS fisherman was complaining to me the other day that he had "lost the weed line" on a favorite lake. The grass and weeds just didn't grow along the shoreline any more but he finally located some good fishing well out from the bank where there was a submerged line of water growth in several feet of water. It's a good thing to remember in prospecting new lakes. ●

MUZZLE FLASHES

(*Continued from page 7*)

running game) and reasonably steady sight picture. Consequently, they best suit field needs of the average hunter. The exception is the varmint hunter who shoots at long range, and usually unhurriedly and from a rest; he can advantageously use a scope of high magnification, since the resulting narrow field of view is not a handicap where firing is unhurried and from rifle-supported position. Scopes of 6X to 10X are popular varmint class sighting aids.

Most beginning big game hunters purchasing an outfit usually want a scope of four power, but Addison encourages selection of a 2½X for the thick brush hunting country that is characteristic of Florida.

For fast, accurate sight alignment under a variety of light conditions, he also recommends that the hunting scope have a combination bold post and single horizontal crosshair style aiming reticule.

These technical opinions echo some that I have advanced in these columns over the years.

Addison stocks all popular makes of scopes—Weaver, Bushnell, Redfield, Leupold, Bausch & Lomb, Weatherby and Lyman, as well as lesser knowns. He personally favors those makes and models that are truly accurate and permanent of adjustment, and unaffected by exposure to moisture.

Except for the shooter who has long used a properly adjusted sling, for easier carrying of a rifle afield and as an aid to steadier aim, the value of a gunsling on a hunting rifle is frequently overlooked. Those that do appreciate the benefits of a sling strap seldom go into the woods without one.

Addison says that he has had customers drive fifty miles or more to purchase a Williams Guide Strap, long endorsed by Elmer Keith, gun editor and big game hunter. The Williams model is especially desirable because it does not have any metal hooks, yet is easily adjustable and instantly usable. It also dresses up a rifle, especially the stamped basket weave and hand carved versions.

The Kissimmee gunsmith does not fashion gunstocks from customer blanks of figured walnut or some exotic wood. Instead he buys select semi-finished stocks from E. C. Bishop & Sons and from Reinhart Fajen, both of Warsaw, Missouri, then tailors stock dimensions to fit the individual shooter exactly. He fits stocks with long-life Pachmayr "White Line" recoil pads. In essence, this is custom stocking service at average pocketbook prices.

Behind the shop, in the shade of a big tree, is a bench rest and the firing point of a 200 yard testing range. Here beginners can learn basic principles of good gun handling, under competent coaches; experienced shooters can polish up their techniques, or even learn something new. Gun fit and shooting faults can be analyzed, as well as gun performance factors—bedding of action in gunstock, correctly fitted sights, sling swivel locations, barrel temperature influence, and variances in different brands of ammunition and loads. The 200 yard range permits practical sighting-in of big game rifles, as well as shorter range patterning of shotguns.

The Kissimmee gun experts discourage conversion of foreign military surplus weapons into hunting rifles, especially if the shooter plans to use a scope sight, because most military rifle models are not readily adaptable to practical scope sight installations and because many of the war surplus offerings are almost junk. Usually extensive gunsmithing has to be done first. By the time the shooter buys all the needed components and pays for the conversion work, he has almost as much money invested as normally needed for purchase of a brand new, better designed sporting rifle of American make.

Each hunting season, Addison sponsors a big deer antler contest for outstanding deer kills made by Florida hunters. Substantial value merchandise prizes are the awards.

Some of the heads entered have been most outstanding. Under the Boone & Crocket measuring system, a rating of 184 is tops for white-tail deer trophies taken anywhere in the United States. Last year Florida trophies scored 146-⅜, 140-⅞, 138-⅝ and 137-⅞, which indicates that Florida deer herds can produce some pretty big racks! ●

CONSERVATION SCENE

(*Continued from page 4*)

cently published by The Conservation Foundation.

The 78-page bulletin is a compilation of films selected by the Foundation for instruction purposes from a screening of more than 6,000 films in the broad field of conservation. Each of the selected films and filmstrips is described, its target audience—elementary, junior, high school, college, or adult—is given, and the name and address of the organization or agency from which the film or other material may be borrowed, rented, or purchased also is given.

Single copies of the bulletin are available on request from the Foundation's Audio-Visual Center, 30 East 40th Street, New York 16, New York. The list covers conservation materials dealing with renewable and nonrenewable natural resources, resources and people, and ecology.

Waterfowl Conditions

WATERFOWL habitat conditions "excellent" and water abundant through the duck breeding areas of western Canada. . . . Heavy and widespread rain in the past month has greatly improved the situation in formerly marginal areas. . . . April and May combined rainfall in Saskatchewan and Manitoba highest in at least ten years. . . . Water likely to be abundant throughout the nesting season in almost all areas.

Good news for sportsmen, conservationists and just plain nature lovers—contain in the June issue of the Ducks Unlimited "Duckological," prepared by Chief Biologist W. G. (Bill) Leitch.

While stressing the high rainfall in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, the report also points up the fact rainfall has been above normal through the Alberta parklands, but light in the south. Report's main head is "Water no problem in '65."

Pintails have "come home to the prairies," along with water. Leitch sees this species in southern Alberta as greatly increased over last year, even if well below peak years of the middle fifties.

The report cites canvasback as one species which has held it's own. It also reveals a decrease where mallard (except in Alberta) and redhead are concerned. Minor species held the same level in Alberta, but slipped slightly in each of the other two prairie provinces.

The report cautions. . . . Abundant, high-quality habitat all across the western Canadian breeding grounds, but the breeding population available to exploit it is somewhat disappointing. . . . Yet the ducks appear to be off to a good start with every chance to begin a recovery from the recent years of drought.

Wild Rivers Study

PUBLICATION of a 44-page, four-color booklet entitled "Wild Rivers" by the Wild Rivers Study Team of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior was announced at the annual convention of the Outdoor Writers Association of America in Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

The new publication, financed with privately donated funds, extolls the attractions and values of wild, free-flowing rivers and recommends establishing a National system of wild rivers.

An introduction by Secrteary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall and Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman states: "We have harnessed many of our rivers, dedicating some to navigation, others to power, water supply, disposal of wastes. But we have not yet made adequate provisions to keep at least a small stock of our rivers as we first knew them: wild and free-flowing. In a Nation as bountifully endowed with rivers as ours, it is time to do so."

Issuance of the wild rivers booklet coincides closely with Senatorial consideration of an Administration proposal to establish a National system of wild rivers. Introduced as S. 1446 by Senator Frank Church of Idaho and sponsored by 32 other Senators, the proposal has had hearings before the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee in Washington and field hearings in Idaho and Wyoming. It would give immediate wild river status to six rivers and direct the study of nine others for possible later additions to the National system of wild rivers.

New Vacation Guide

HAPPIER VACATIONS is the title of a 72-page pocket guidebook published by The Coleman Company in response to the pleas of government officials to vacationers to see the U.S.A. first.

This comprehensive family vacation guidebook is a genuine help for families who would like to travel farther and see more of the country on their annual vacation trip, yet have limited vacation budgets.

Vacation food is given particular emphasis, along with detailed information on how to stretch food dollars by cooking and eating in parks along the way. An entire section is devoted to cooking in camps and roadside parks. Other chapters deal with camping equipment, auto expenses, lodging, clothing, and other subjects helpful in planning a family trip.

Prepared exclusively for The Coleman Company by the well-known outdoors writer, George Wells, "Happier Vacations" provides entertaining reading as well as a wealth of information on how to cut family vacation costs as much as one-half. For a free copy, simply write to The Coleman Company, Dept. FW, Wichita, Kansas 67201. ●

Dr. H. R. Wilber, center, with "Outdoorsman of the Year" trophy, presented by Max Hunn, left, Florida Outdoor Writers, and Mel Ogden, representing the Governor's office.

Outdoorsman Award

TITLE OF "Outdoorsman Of the Year" was given to Dr. H. R. Wilber of DeLand by the Florida Outdoor Writers Association at their annual convention at St. Petersburg Beach.

Wilber, a retired surgeon, was the first recipient of a huge trophy which will be displayed over the state and passed on to next year's winner. He will retain a plaque commemorating the event. The presentation was by Mel Ogden, Governor's assistant.

The trophy was presented to Wilber in recognition of his efforts in the interest of conservation although it may be awarded any outstanding outdoor achievement.

Wilber served as president of the Florida Wildlife Federation on two occasions and was vice president for two terms in addition to a stint as unpaid executive secretary. For years he was the national representative for Florida clubs.

Wilber was a leader in organization of the conservation awards program financed by the Sears Foundation and which has been adopted by other states; he organized the Florida Conservation Council, a gathering of representatives of various groups active in conservation. As Federation secretary he was a leader in the campaign to retain the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission as a constitutional body when the question was brought to a referendum vote.

He served on several Governor's committees and directed efforts in behalf of water safety legislation. He was state chairman for water quality. He inaugurated youth education programs and Conservation scholarships.

Recently, he was active in promotion of the Lake Woodruff wildlife refuge.

Before coming to Florida from Indiana, Wilber was a leader in many civic and charitable movements and organized sportsmen's federations as far back as the early thirties.

He had a national reputation as a bird dog fancier and has judged many of the country's biggest field trials. ●

Beavers never stop growing nor reach "maximum growth." Life span in the wild is about twelve years. Captives have lived nineteen years.

* * *

The tiny bat has a big appetite. It will eat a quarter of its weight at one meal and more than half of its weight every night.

Progress and Sentiment

(*Continued from page 5*)

property values will be devaluated through the destruction of scenic beauty (this in part from huge power lines traversing the countryside); that it is not a fight between the poet and the engineer, but a destruction of long-range economic values for a short-term profit. It also comes to light that the utility company is attempting to condemn State Park Lands.

Win, lose or draw, the Hudson Valley citizenry is giving its opponents the seven-year itch, and politicians seeking office from that area in the future will long remember it.

It is interesting to note how work-a-day people react to outdoor preservation when uninhibited by personal economics. When their job is not affected they become evangelistic and noble. This holds true in another conservation conflict where New York State was the battle ground.

In 1894, New York State adopted a constitutional provision which established a forest preserve in the Adirondaks and provided that all lands in the preserve should forever be kept as wild land and forbade the cutting of timber, dead or alive. This has been repeatedly attacked by sawlog foresters, industries, resorts, local government and others, as infamous, wasteful and against the interests of an enlightened civilization. Only a few years ago the matter was again referred to the voters and they re-emphasized that there should be no change; this by a vote of about two to one. In other words, even if wilderness preservation was sinful, it is what the people wanted. Professional foresters shake their heads and say that such decisions should not be left to the amateurs, they don't understand; in reality, it might be said that foresters don't understand people. People become skeptical of pro-

(*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from preceding page*)
fessionals who admit to being advisors of the Almighty.

Unwittingly their vote to preserve some wilderness reached back to forge a link with the antiquity of Isaiah: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there is no place where one may be alone in the midst of the earth." The germ of nobility in man reluctantly comes to life in spite of his passion for progress.

Other problems are receiving much more than local attention. Out in the Midwest the Boundary Waters Canoe Country of northern Minnesota has been an ideological battle ground for 45 years; whether it is to be a sawlog forest and a resort honky tonk, or a wilderness. Recently Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, declared in essence, that a substantial part was to remain wilderness and the balance in multiple-use but managed to protect the primitive environment. If this declaration doesn't come unglued it will be a victory for wilderness lovers. The latest report is that the opposition is not accepting the Secretary's edict, and plans to use political might to destroy it. Such are the jungle laws of democracy.

A more recent conservation front is developing on the Upper St. Croix River, a part of the northern boundary between Minnesota and Wisconsin. A utility company has petitioned to build a steam electricity generating plant on its banks and to use the river as a canal for coal barges. This part of the river has never been subjected to such use. Hearings have been held; there are more to be, and the skirmish becomes more acrimonious. The St. Croix is and has been one of the great fishing and boating streams of that region, and been recommended for preservation as a wild or natural river.

It has an historical heritage dating back to the early French explorers such as Sieur du Lhut (Duluth), and still has a semi-primitive charm and beauty which is fast disappearing with the increase of reservoirs and commerical enterprises. It is difficult to visualize commercial river travel, coal smoke, hot water effluent and aesthetics in peaceful co-habitation. Industry seems to work miracles with everything but aesthetics.

Then, of course, there are the California redwoods — whether they are to be or not to be has been argued as long as the destiny of the Boundary Waters Canoe Country. And one of the most repugnant crimes against nature is strip mining. It is the epitome of total destruction. It is not only destructive to land cover and the surrounding tax base, but the water seepage carrying poisonous chemicals leaves many a sylvan stream as lifeless as the river Styx.

As the nation reaches out to utilize more of its resources, which so many foolishly thought were traditionally secure, there is not only the drama of opposing ideologies, but other underlying factors which neither side sees too clearly.

Those who press to keep more regions unspoiled maintain that the nation can afford them, and think no further; others say that industrial development is security's first line of defense, and also that too much land acquisition by public agencies will shrink the tax base. These arguments in the light of public needs and desires are valid. Industry creates wealth from raw resources; recreation, now cannonized as a necessity, does not create wealth.

Both industrialists and recreationists trumpet their virtues, but both have an Achilles heel. Industry for its part is conceded a survival necessity, but it has no justification to boast of sanctimonious altruism. Profit incentives dictate the degree which industries will husband and manage those resources they corporately own; but where nonrenewable resources are concerned, there is often nothing but savage destruction. Strip mining is proof of this. Public resources too often receive short shrift, as in the case of water pollution. Public resources are badly in need of public guardianship.

But who is responsible for the creation of this industrial animal that devours resources? Is it not a creature of people and their civilization, the millions of people who will not deny themselves the velvet touch of affluence, luxury and leisure? They want their indulgencies more than they want aesthetics, even more than an ersatz variety of aesthetics. Now they want their out-of-doors plush and steam-heated. They want a WALDON and a SAND COUNTY ALMANAC existence in theory but not in fact. It would be interesting to make a head-count of those willing to abandon their electric accessories, superhighways, and other accouterments of modern living if that would save the Redwoods, wild rivers, Storm King Mountain, the Boundary Waters Canoe Country and the coal mine strip areas.

People must face up to the fact that it is no longer possible for them to have all the gracious living they demand and all the outdoor aesthetics they claim desirable. With greater populations, more resources converted into merchandise, and less open space and primitive areas, the law of diminishing return becomes more acute. A choice must be made between the material advantages and those elements of living which make our industrial complex bearable. People cannot have all of both—something must give. It is time that human beings, those self-admitted custodians of the universe, examine their consciences and desires. It is high time they become brutally honest with themselves. ●

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE Date_____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print)_____

Address_____ City_____ State_____

Species_____ Weight_____ Length_____

Type of Tackle_____

Bait or Lure Used_____

Where Caught_____ in_____ County

Date Caught_____ Catch Witnessed By_____

Registered, Weighed By_____ At_____

_____
(Signature of Applicant)

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ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS
.....8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL
.....4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)
.....1 ½ pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER
.....2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE
.....2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST
.....1 pound or larger

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The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Boating-Camping Vacation—Suwannee River State Park, Near Ellaville. F.S.N.B. Photo

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